MANY DOGS THERE BE

SAINT PAUL PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 2091 01285 9204

WALTER A. DYE

HI
Saint Paul Public Library

ONE MONTH BOOK

MANY DOGS THERE BE

MANY DOGS THERE BE

BY

WALTER A. DYER
Author of "PIERROT, DOG OF BELGIUM," "GULLIVER THE GREAT, AND OTHER DOG STORIES," etc.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.
—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

ST. MARY'S
PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE CENTURY CO.
New York & London

142477

FICTION
COPY

Copyright, 1924, by
THE CENTURY CO.

ST PAUL
PUBLIC LIBRARY

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

GIFT

TO SANDY

Thirteen years ago he came to us, a bright-eyed incarnation of youth and mischief. A mutual enthusiasm and approbation marked the early days of our relationship. Then, gradually, as he became an established part of our household, the ties which bound him to us, and us to him, strengthened into something more enduring.

He became one with us against the world. A certain family loyalty drew us together, a clan-consciousness, a sense of domestic equality and common interest. He became our brother.

And, as is natural with brothers, we became frank and critical. We recognized his faults. We grew candid in speaking of them to him, but before strangers we praised him and justified his misdemeanors. And I fancy, among his canine acquaintances, he boasted of our virtues in the same way, though within our own walls he was doubtless aware of our shortcomings.

Together we have fought the battle of life through these years, keeping our common secrets, presenting a united front to a sometimes hostile world. With stanch and undeviating fidelity he has made good his claim to brotherhood.

He is an old dog now, as dog lives go. His legs are

stiff in the morning. He cannot run as far as he used to without fatigue. When he goes walking with us he conserves his strength and keeps more closely beside us. He has not killed a woodchuck without aid for two years or more. Sometimes, as he looks up at us with those liquid, pensive eyes of his, eloquent of devotion, I am constrained to believe that he understands the thing that is creeping upon him.

We are a little reticent about the thing that lies deep in our hearts these days. It is that way with brothers.

It is a small thing that I do for him in dedicating this volume of tales to Sandy, my brother in error, my never-failing friend of thirteen years. He will not comprehend it, for he cannot read books. But I shall tell him, and his stub tail will wag and his moist nose will seek my ear, and he will make little whining noises in his throat. And we shall understand each other, for we are brothers.

WALTER A. DYER.

Amherst, Massachusetts, March, 1924.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Most of these stories having previously appeared in periodicals, I desire to make due acknowledgment to the editors and publishers.

The verses entitled "The Doggies" were published in "The Pictorial Review"; "Love Me, Love My Dog" and "The Dog Doctor" in "The Delineator"; "The Miracle" in "The Elks Magazine"; "The Phantom Hound of Hardhack," "The Armistice," "The Strange Disappearance of Hop Ming," and "Portygee Pete" in "The Top-Notch Magazine"; "Pals of the Squad" and "Prince Charming" in "The Youth's Companion"; "Home" in "The Black Cat"; and "The Mission of McGregor" in "Collier's."

W. A. D.

CONTENTS

Love Me, Love My Dog 3

The Miracle 43

The Phantom Hound of Hardhack . . . 67

The Armistice 99

Pals of the Squad 119

The Strange Disappearance of Hop Ming . 139

Hezekiah 163

The Dog Doctor 169

Home 199

Portygee Pete 219

Prince Charming 243

Kilfane 265

The Mission of McGregor 291

THE DOGGIES

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling)

I 've lived in the city an' country,
I 've 'unted the birds in my time,
I 've 'ad my pickin' o' doggies,
An' four o' the lot was prime.
There was big, black, boundin' Bruno,
An' Paddy ('e was the worst!),
An' stout-'earted, fond-'earted Betty,
An' the sick little feller I nursed.

I was a young 'un, tow-'eaded,
Barefooted, an' tough as an oar;
'E was a shaggy Newfoundland—
The kind you don't see any more.
We covered the country together,
Learned to play ball an' to swim;
But they shot 'im one day 'cause 'e bit me in play,
An' I learned about doggies from 'im.

Then rough, rude Irishman Paddy,
Quarrelsome, mischievous, bad,
First in a fight or a fracas,
But jolly good fun for a lad.
'E war n't no honest Old Rover—

The troublesome, meddlesome limb—
But, wicked an' smart, 'e got to your 'eart,
An' I learned about doggies from 'im.

My next was an English setter,
With a nose always sharpened for quail—
Betty, proud mother in Israel—
Betty, the queen o' the trail.
A sport an' a young man's comrade,
An' a mate for adventure she were;
But the years followed fast, an' she weakened at last,
An' I learned about doggies from 'er.

An' last there was wistful-eyed Skeezix,
A poor little brindle bull pup;
'E took an' caught the distemper,
An' that 's why 'e never growed up.
I watched as 'is breath came slower
An' 'is eyes growed starin' an' dim;
An' a grown man cried when that little chap died,
An' I learned about doggies from 'im.

Oh, I 've 'ad my fun with the doggies,
An' now I must pay for it all,
For the feet they are restin' from runnin',
An' the ears they are deaf to my call.
For a dog's years are troublous an' fleetin',
An' the 'ead is soon gone from your knee;
So be warned by my lot (which I know you will not)
An' learn about doggies from me.

MANY DOGS THERE BE

MANY DOGS THERE BE

LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG

"TO my nephew, Henry Norcross, my dog Togo."

That was the only reference to me in my Uncle Peter's remarkable will. To this day I cannot understand it. Presumably he was fond of Togo. Whether or not he was fond of me, I cannot say. My sister Maude used to say that Uncle Peter was whimsical. I believe that was just Maude's charitable way of putting it. Maude is n't always intelligible, anyway.

Uncle Peter and I, it is safe to say, never understood each other very well. I feel sure that he was never in sympathy with my aspirations or with the profession of letters. Sometimes I think he considered me a bit of a fool. He had definite pigeonholes for people, and since I would not enter the successful-business-man pigeonhole, I suppose the bit-of-a-fool pigeonhole was the most readily available for me. Once when I was in a tight place—one of my tight places—I tried to borrow money

from him. I must have been either quite desperate or unusually optimistic. He advised me to go to work, which was, of course, an entirely irrelevant suggestion.

If he had left me some money in his will, I could have made excellent use of it, but I was not greatly disappointed, for I had expected nothing. As a matter of fact, I had never pondered on Uncle Peter's wealth or his approaching demise. Thinking it over afterward, I came to the conclusion that he must have feared that a legacy would tend to pauperize me.

But why Togo?

The dog came before I was in any degree prepared for him. I should n't have known what constituted preparing for a dog, anyway. I had owned cats—quiet, unemotional, self-sufficient, domestic creatures—but my lot had never been thrown among dogs. It had never occurred to me either to go into the lion-taming business or to keep a dog.

I had been living only three weeks in Montrose Park and was scarcely settled. My friend Tuttle came to me one evening in New York and told me that he and his wife had bought a farm in Connecticut, with the dearest old farm-house that needed only to be entirely rebuilt to be made livable, and that they were moving up there immediately,

to live in a tent until the house was put in shape. I was quite impressed by his enthusiasm, and when he left I discovered that I had bought his bungalow in Montrose Park.

That, of course, settled my summer plans for me, and I moved out my possessions, engaged a housekeeper, and began the task of getting readjusted to new conditions. In discovering Mrs. Stebbins I had a rare piece of luck. A stout, settled, blameless person she is, amazingly competent in domestic affairs, and thriftily honest by nature. A bit domineering on occasion, perhaps, and totally unable to comprehend the nature of my vocation, but disposed to mind her own business within reasonable limits. Our arrangement was simple and satisfactory. Her domain was to include the entire house and grounds save only my study. That she might enter if absolutely necessary, but never dust.

Mrs. Stebbins received the news of the coming of Togo with as much dismay as her equable nature was capable of exhibiting. She possibly knew more about dogs than I, but her knowledge had not predisposed her in their favor.

"I don't see how it can be managed, Mr. Norcross," she said.

Here was an apparently insurmountable obstacle.

If Mrs. Stebbins did n't see how it could be managed, it was naturally beyond me. But we were confronted by a *fait accompli,* by a condition, not a theory. Togo had already been shipped. I began to tremble lest Mrs. Stebbins should give notice, but evidently that did not occur to her.

"We must find some way to get rid of him," said she.

Maude had written to the effect that Togo was an Irish terrier, bright and affectionate, but a trifle mischievous. I found myself wondering chiefly about the dog's size. It seemed to me that this was a matter of paramount importance. I was relieved to learn that an Irish terrier is somewhat smaller than a horse. I went to the library and was given a book about dogs. It was quite unintelligible to me, but I was able to make some head or tail, so to speak, of the pictures. The portraits of Irish terriers did not suggest ferocity. They looked rather like wooden dogs. It seemed to me that Mrs. Stebbins and I ought to be able to manage that kind of dog, at least temporarily.

The expressman brought Togo in a crate and deposited it on the little back porch of my bungalow. Mrs. Stebbins called me out, and I thought I caught a note of accusation in her voice.

"That 's him," said she, pointing to the crate.

I stepped forward and peered between the slats.

Togo stood leaning against one side of the crate and rolled his eyes up at me in a gruesome sort of way. He did n't look like the pictures. He was much more woolly and less stiff. Not at all like a wooden dog. Huddled up in the crate, however, he looked gratifyingly small.

"He seems depressed," said I.

Mrs. Stebbins came and peered in beside me.

"A poor-spirited animal, I 'd call him," said she. "Sick, most likely." She spoke as though a sick dog were worse than a well one, but somehow the thought gave me courage. Then a horrible suspicion assailed me.

"I hope it is n't hydrophobia," said I.

" 'T ain't likely," she reassured me. "I s'pose we 've got to take him out."

I fetched a hammer and screw-driver, and though I am not expert with carpenters' tools, I managed to pry off three of the slats.

"I fancy he can squeeze through now," said I, straightening up.

Together we up-ended the crate and then stepped back to let Togo wriggle his way out. He stood for a moment on the porch floor, regarding the distant landscape and sniffing the air. Then he sneezed, shook himself vigorously, and seemed to be gathering his wits together. He never glanced at us.

Then he turned and trotted down the steps into the yard.

"He may run away," said Mrs. Stebbins hopefully.

I suppose I am cursed with the vestiges of a New England conscience. It didn't seem to me quite the thing to let Togo run away—at least not so soon. I snapped my fingers and whistled.

"Here! Come here!" I called.

The dog ignored me completely. With a thoroughness worthy of a more reasonable cause he was investigating every tree, shrub, and fence-post. But he did not run away.

At last he seemed to become suddenly aware of my voice. He stopped in the middle of the lawn, planted his forefeet together, raised his head, and regarded us with bright eyes and vibrating stump tail.

"Wuff!" said Togo.

I was startled but succeeded in maintaining my dignity.

"He barked," said I.

"Did you expect him to purr?" inquired Mrs. Stebbins.

Then he came bounding across the lawn and up the steps. Instinctively I withdrew behind the crate. To my amazement Mrs. Stebbins stood unterrified and unmoved as Togo sprang upon her.

He stretched upward to his full length and patted her with his paws. Then he dropped back, crouched, and barked again savagely. I took a step forward, gripping the hammer, but Mrs. Stebbins stood looking placidly down at him, her hands on her hips.

"It's a funny thing," said she. "I never did like dogs, but they always seem to like me."

"Does Togo like you?" I inquired.

She turned her head and regarded me with a puzzled look.

Some action on my part seemed to be called for. I squatted down and snapped my fingers again.

"Come here, Togo," said I in a commanding voice.

I had looked for no such sudden and vigorous response. I had no time to be frightened. He was upon me like a flash, leaping against my chest, wriggling amazingly, and at length succeeding in slapping his wet tongue across my nose. It gave me a queer feeling. I tried to ward him off with my hands, but this appeared to be taken as a part of the game, and he renewed his meaningless attacks with a sort of simulated fury. I began to think I could see through him.

I sought relief by rising to my feet, and Togo sat himself down upon his haunches, in an expectant attitude, and gazed up at my face with a hu-

morous expression. I noticed that one ear cocked itself a little higher than the other. Then he began sniffing about the threshold of the kitchen door.

"I expect he 's hungry," said Mrs. Stebbins, "and thirsty."

She opened the door and stepped into the kitchen. Togo pushed in past her, but she promptly shooed him out. Left alone with the dog, I began to study him. His actions were, to me, for the most part unaccountable, but he was evidently not bloodthirsty. I concluded that his attacks were a strange form of playfulness, and though I did not enjoy their sudden effusiveness, they no longer filled me with terror. Indeed, there was something engaging in the animal's foolish demonstrativeness.

"Maybe he likes me, too," I thought. The idea gave me a sense of pleasure quite out of proportion to its significance.

I should not have known what to get for Togo to eat, but Mrs. Stebbins seemed to be familiar with canine requirements. She first set before him a basin of water, of which he drank long and noisily. Then she brought out some broken bread and scraps of meat on a newspaper. Togo's method of eating was first to sniff around among the morsels, and then, selecting one, to remove it from the paper to the porch floor. Mrs. Stebbins

scolded him and kicked it back. But Togo quite evidently did not approve of the newspaper. He would eat no piece of bread or meat until he had first nosed it about a bit on the porch floor. Even then he would occasionally abandon a piece as unworthy of further attention. I could not discover the criterion by which he made his selections.

During my own supper Togo whined in the kitchen. Mrs. Stebbins had decided that he should never be allowed in the dining-room during meals. Neither Togo nor I fully understood the reason for this rule, but I accepted it more philosophically than Togo did. His sobbing distressed me and all but ruined my appetite, but Mrs. Stebbins was adamant.

"The sooner they learn, the less trouble you have," said she.

That evening I sat on the front porch and watched Togo's antics on the lawn. They amused me at first, and then I tried to study and analyze them. He fought valorously with a stick, crouching, stealing up on it, leaping upon it, shaking it viciously, growling the while. His technique won my respect. Then, weary of play, he came up and lay down beside me and went to sleep. I reached down and felt of him. There was something warm and pleasing in the contact. Togo lifted his head and looked

up at me; then, sinking back with a sigh of content, he laid his fore paw across his nose. Curious gesture.

Mrs. Stebbins, when her work was done, came out and instructed me to drag the crate out to the back of the yard. I did so, laboriously, Togo accompanying me with signs of interest. By knocking out another slat or two and placing an old piece of burlap inside, I arranged a fairly respectable kennel. Then we tied him with a piece of clothesline, placed a bone and a dish of water within his reach, and retired. I fell asleep that night to the sound of Togo's lamentations, wondering vaguely what the neighbors would say, but resolving to let Mrs. Stebbins cope with that problem in the morning.

In the morning Mrs. Stebbins informed me, dispassionately, that Togo was gone. He had chewed through his rope, she said, and if he came back again I must get a chain.

"Would you advertise for him?" I asked.

"Better wait a while," said she. "He may come back. They generally do." I waited, but I was very restless. I seemed unable to concentrate my mind upon my work. I kept wondering where Togo was. Had some ill fortune befallen him? A vision of his humorous eyes and his inquisitive nose kept intruding itself between me and my work.

Frequently I found myself gazing out of the window.

It was about mid-forenoon, and I had at last succeeded in settling down to work, when I was startled by a great commotion next door. Our street is a strange mixture of old houses and new. The house next door was one of the old ones, quite a large, square, comfortable-looking house, white with green blinds, standing in a large yard surrounded by a white picket-fence. There were shrubs and a huge horse-chestnut tree on the front lawn, and a big piazza shaded by a picturesque wistaria vine. It had struck me from the first as an agreeable-looking place, but I knew nothing whatever concerning its inmates.

Whoever they were, they evidently kept chickens, for it was indubitably chickens that were responsible for the present uproar. From my window I caught sight of one trying frantically to fly over the fence. And such a squawking!

Then a white hen, with outstretched wings and neck, screaming bloody murder, scooted around to the front of the white house, as fast as her legs would carry her, pursued by a yellowish-brown embodiment of unrestrained joyousness. It was Togo.

I leaped to my feet and ran out of the house. Simultaneously I saw Mrs. Stebbins go rolling across the yard toward the tumultuous scene and

a female figure pop out of the house next door. The female figure held the strategic position and was soon in pursuit of Togo. He dodged and doubled, enjoying hugely this new element in the game, but the lady was persistent and determined. At last she managed to catch him—I don't know how—and just as I reached the party fence I saw her, to my horror, slap him vigorously on the flank. I fully expected to see him turn and rend her, but he cowered under her hand and cried like a child.

"My dear young lady," I cried, "you should n't do that."

She raised to me a face from which wrath was already beginning to fade. I was struck with the fact that it was a very comely face. Her eyes were flashing, her cheeks flushed.

"Why not?" she asked.

"He might bite you," said I.

She laughed scornfully, and to horrify me more she thrust her hand into his very mouth and shook him. Then she released him and he came bounding over to the fence. I reached down and lifted him over.

"Is he your dog?" inquired the lady.

"Yes," said I, holding Togo uncertainly in my arms and wishing Mrs. Stebbins would tell me what

sort of reparations might be expected of me under the circumstances.

"If I 'd known that," said this amazing person, "I would have called you to punish him yourself. It 's always the best way."

"I doubt if I should have known how," said I. "I 'm very grateful to you for relieving me of the duty. Did he—did he kill a hen?"

"No, fortunately. But he must be taught not to chase them. It 's a bad habit. You 'll have to train him. I did n't know you had a dog."

"I did n't until last night. He was bequeathed to me unexpectedly."

"I see," said she, laughing.

"I don't know what to do if he chases your chickens. What would you do under the circumstances?"

"Oh, whip him, scold him, tie him up, anything to teach him that it does n't pay. A terrier puppy is full of the dickens, but he 's smart. He 'll learn."

"I wish," said I, "that you would help me. I mean, if he offends again, I wish you 'd punish him. And if he does any damage, I 'll be only too glad to—"

"You want me to help you train him?"

"Exactly."

She came to the fence and began rubbing Togo's head. He seemed to harbor not the least resentment toward her. He wriggled in my arms with evident pleasure.

"I 'd love to," said she. "He 's a darling."

All this time Mrs. Stebbins stood looking on with what I thought was an air of disapproval. Now at last she spoke.

"For the present," said she, "we 'd better tie him up. I 've got something to do besides watch a dog. He 's had enough exercise for one day."

"Oh, poor doggie," said the lady as we turned to go. "What is his name?"

"Togo."

"Good-by, Togo. We 'll see more of each other soon."

It may have been fancy, but I thought that her parting smile was not wholly for Togo.

"Who is that young lady?" I asked as Mrs. Stebbins and I struggled over a piece of wire with which we hoped to fasten Togo more securely.

"Young? She 'll never see thirty again."

"Well, I 'm forty-one."

"What 's that got to do with it?"

"Nothing, I suppose, except that thirty seems young to forty."

I was conscious of a glow stealing over me under her scrutiny.

"I did n't know that you were interested in young women, Mr. Norcross."

"It 's part of my business," said I. "I study them as types."

"Ah!" And then, after a pause, "Well, she 's got a beau, anyway."

"A beau?"

"Lansing Minor, the cashier of the bank, has been calling on her pretty regularly for three months past."

"I see," I replied weakly. A bank cashier sounded somehow formidable.

Later on Mrs. Stebbins was pleased to become more gracious and communicative. My neighbors, it appeared, were named Huntington. Old residents here. Mr. Huntington, who had been something important in the knitting-mills, had died a few years before, and the family now consisted of the widow, a quiet, retiring sort of woman, I judged; Miss Margaret, the daughter I had seen, who now conducted the household when she was not running in to the city or gallivanting around to club meetings and things; and a younger sister, Lucy Belle, who was away at college.

Through the medium of Togo I managed to strike up a sort of acquaintance with Miss Huntington. I am frank to say that she interested me. She seemed very forceful and very attractive. But

I was not quite sure of my opinion of her. Or of her opinion of me. Sometimes I suspected her of poking fun at me in a restrained, ladylike way. But with Togo she established a free and open-hearted friendship.

In fact, I sometimes wondered whether Togo were my dog or hers. He was so often in the yard next door. He seemed to recognize the fact that Miss Huntington understood him much better than I did. Not that Togo was n't becoming fond of me. I think he was. But there was a certain exuberance in his friendship with her that was lacking in his intercourse with me. However, any tendency toward jealousy on my part was tempered by gratitude. I don't know what I should have done with Togo if it had n't been for Miss Huntington. She taught him not only to leave the chickens alone but many other things as well, and I am sure he got into much less mischief because of her.

My own feelings toward Togo were undergoing a remarkable development. The afternoon of that first day after his arrival he found his way into my study. He must have been in a somewhat subdued state of mind, for he was very quiet. I was not, in fact, aware of his presence until I felt something resting on my knee. I looked down. It was Togo's chin. His tail was moving slowly, as

though in doubt whether to wag with joy or droop dejectedly. His eyes looked beseechingly into mine. Was he asking my forgiveness, or begging me to go for a romp, or merely seeking to bridge the psychological chasm between us? I could not tell. But when I laid my hand on his head he responded instantly, as though that was what he most wanted. He made a little whining noise in his throat and raised himself up, resting his paws on my leg and straining upward with his moist nose. I leaned toward him, obeying a foolish impulse, and felt his warm tongue caress my cheek.

I surrendered to Togo. After that, whenever he ran away for a few hours, as he not infrequently did, I worried unreasonably over his absence, making myself quite ridiculous, I am sure, in the eyes of Mrs. Stebbins. The house seemed silent and deserted, lacking a bright and joyous presence. I missed the sound of busy, pattering feet and the touch of the cold, wet nose. I kept listening for a scratching on my door, and when at length a short, sharp bark sounded outside, I hastened to the window, smiling absurdly, to observe with my own eyes the return of the unrepentant prodigal.

I became acquainted, I say, with Miss Huntington, but only Togo at first enjoyed any intimacy with her. I have always been a bit shy, I suppose, and Togo did not know what shyness was. Per-

haps I should have learned a lesson from him. But then, there was the bank cashier. I disliked him from the first, though I knew him not at all. Perhaps it was because Miss Huntington seemed to like him; perhaps it was because he and Togo did not seem to like each other. I don't know. I observed him calling frequently, observed Miss Huntington's smiling welcome. He was a much younger man than I, dark and handsome. I dislike handsome men. He utterly ignored Togo; I could see that from my chair on my front porch. I think he never smoked. Not a man one would warm to, I should think.

But I was not lonely in my new home. When I am working I have little need of companionship. I have learned to do without it. People were doubtless living interesting lives all about me, but I made no attempt to know them. Besides, I had Togo. As the evenings grew warmer and longer, I took to strolling with him about the suburban town and out into the country. Togo sufficed.

The apple-blossoms in the yard next door spent their fragrance and floated to earth. Shirt-sleeved men worked feverishly in little gardens. Robins came and built in my pear-tree and sang in the early morning. Screens appeared on all the porches, and the voice of the lawn-mower was heard in our land. Togo took to burying bones

in the fence-corners, against some fancied day of privation. June came, the roses bloomed in the door-yards, and romance stole into my heart.

I had had one or two rather unwise and futile love-affairs in my youth, but for many years I had not thought about such things except as an essential part of the fiction I was writing. I loved some of my heroines in an unreal, literary fashion, but never dreamed that I had not myself become quite cynical and immune. Now I was surprised to find myself, at an advanced age, perceptibly mellowing. I suppose the moonlight and the roses and the domestic environment of Montrose Park may have had something to do with it.

I was not, I think, in love with Margaret Huntington at this time. My mellow state was more general and detached and impersonal than that. But the state existed, and there was propinquity. Margaret was the only young woman I saw anything of, and she was kind and good to look upon. When I was with her—which, on account of Togo, was not infrequent—I was conscious of a certain warmth in her presence.

We were walking out with Togo one evening, as we sometimes did when Lansing Minor was not coming. It was a soft, summer evening, scarcely twilight yet, and the air was filled with the scent of locust bloom. June madness fell upon me. I can

account in no other way for the recklessness, the impertinence of my speech.

"I cannot tell you how much I enjoy these walks," said I. "I only hope they are pleasant also for you. I don't wish to offend the proprieties."

"The proprieties? I don't believe I quite get you. You don't consider this wanton naughtiness, do you?"

"Oh, no, I did n't mean that. But Mrs. Stebbins was hinting—I mean, I hope Mr. Minor does n't object."

"Mr. Minor? Why should he? Any more than you should object to his calling?"

"I don't know. I thought—"

"I don't believe you did think, or you would n't have said that. I 'll tell you something. I have one accepted lover, and that is Togo."

"Love me, love my dog," said I.

I don't know how I came to let such an absurd, irrelevant, and banal thing pop out. As a matter of fact, I was thinking of something else. I was wondering whether she was really candid in her remark about Lansing Minor. There was a moment's silence, during which I felt myself burning with embarrassment.

"Now what," said she, "made you make that silly remark? And what does it mean?"

"I—I don't know."

Then she laughed and pinched my arm. I felt the thrill of it go right up through my shoulder and spread over my chest.

"I wonder," said she, "if one could speak of a transparent goose."

While I was puzzling over that she changed the the course of the conversation, and I was able to get through the rest of our walk without making any more of a fool of myself.

This experience had a temporarily steadying effect on me, and I watched myself more carefully when with Margaret. But the romantic mood stayed with me. I took to early morning walks, while yet the dew was on the grass and the air still cool and refreshing. Togo loved this hour. Life seemed to fill him almost to bursting. Not a cat or squirrel escaped his notice. A thousand scents lured him off the beaten path. When I walked two miles, Togo ran ten.

On such a morning we passed along a street behind my house. There was a vacant lot here, once part of an old apple-orchard. It was a squalid place, with the unlovely signs of real-estate agents planted among the weeds. But above them rose the gnarled branches of ancient apple-trees, sturdy and picturesque. As I rounded the corner Togo

was barking fiercely at the foot of one of these trees. A cat, I thought, or a squirrel. I hastened forward to avert a possible tragedy.

A few feet from the treee I stopped, thunderstruck. From among the leafy branches appeared the laughing face of a pretty girl. Such a young, happy face, all pink and white, as though the apple-blossoms had returned. She seemed to be waving wildly at Togo.

"Wait a minute," I cried. "Don't be frightened. He won't hurt you. He 's only playing. Wait a minute and I 'll catch him, and then I 'll help you down. I 'm awfully sorry—"

"I 'm not frightened," she replied in a voice that sounded like a brook gurgling over pebbles. "And I don't want to come down yet."

"Why, what are you doing up there, then? I thought he had treed you."

She replied with a tinkle of laughter. "How funny! I came up here to read 'Jurgen.' Mother does n't approve of 'Jurgen.' Then this lovely dog came, and I was trying to persuade him to jump up here with me."

"Togo can't climb trees," I informed her, though I could see that he was frantically endeavoring to accomplish the impossible feat.

"Well, if he won't come up, I 'll have to come down. I want to speak to him."

She tossed her book to the ground. Then a pair of trimly stockinged legs swung out of the leafage, followed by gray knickerbockers and the rest of a bewilderingly charming girl. She dropped lightly to earth, and she and Togo literally flew into each other's arms.

When this astonishing demonstration was ended to the apparent satisfaction of both parties, she stood erect and tossed back her hair. Her face was glowing and her eyes sparkling. I could n't recall ever having seen such a pretty girl before. She fairly took my breath away. It was like stumbling upon the bower of some dryad.

"Now I think I 'll go up again," said she. "You may give me a boost if you like."

I clasped my hands and she set her little foot in them and climbed again to the branches. I passed up her book to her.

"Thank you," said she. "I shall hope to see the dog again. What is his name?"

"Togo," said I, not without pride.

"You 're the Harold Lloyd sort of person who lives next door to us, are n't you?"

I had n't the slightest idea what she meant by that.

"I 'm Henry Norcross."

"And I 'm Lucy Belle Huntington. Now we 're introduced. Good-by. See you later, I hope."

That evening I strolled over to the house next door. Margaret was sitting in a chair on the porch, and with her, as I had hoped, was her fascinating younger sister. Lucy Belle was seated on the top step, dressed in a filmy gown of light blue. I could hardly take my eyes off her long enough to greet Margaret properly. But Lucy Belle seemed scarcely to notice me. Her eyes were all for Togo. She seized him and rumpled his hair and made all manner of fuss over him. I don't know whether he became surfeited, but presently he left her and lay down beside Margaret, who let her hand fall gently and caressingly on his back. I stood on the lower step watching them.

"This is our neighbor, Mr. Norcross, Lucy Belle," said Margaret.

"I know," said Lucy Belle, smiling at me now for the first time. "We 've met before."

She then gave a spirited account of the scene at the apple-tree, finding much amusement in the recollection. I seated myself on the top step opposite her, watching the play of her lovely features. I did not mind if she did laugh at me, if only she laughed. It was like listening to music. Then she began talking to me. I cannot remember what she said, but it was all very pleasant. Margaret sat watching us with a curious little smile on her face. Togo became bored and went to sleep.

That night, when I retired, my brain was in a whirl. What had been happening to me, anyway? What smoldering fires had been awakened in my breast? Surely I was not in love with this merry creature. I did n't know a thing about her. I had not the slightest acquaintance with her mind or her soul, and all my philosophy as a writer had taught me that love is a matter of minds and souls. I felt enchanted, bewitched, and ardently desirous of hastening again to her side at the earliest opportunity.

During sunny days that followed I courted Lucy Belle Huntington to the best of my rusty ability. I sought her enlivening society on the slightest pretext. I knew she was amusing herself with me. She called me Oliver Goldsmith and Cyrano de Bergerac and all sorts of absurd names and was deliciously familiar. I knew I was being dangled at the end of a silken cord, but I did not mind. She was a heart-breaker if ever there was one.

I suppose I treated Margaret a trifle rudely. It was now Lucy Belle whom I begged to walk with me in the twilight. But Margaret had her bank cashier, who called punctually and regularly and conversed with her in low tones upon the porch. Togo, however, was less fickle than I. He soon wearied of Lucy Belle's demonstrations and attached himself to her less effusive sister, save when

Lansing Minor called. Then, bored with the whole unaccountable situation, he would hie himself away on adventures of his own devising.

Togo was, in fact, a dog of marked likes and dislikes. Or, at least, his fondness for Margaret was no more noticeable than his growing distaste for Minor. Togo acted just as though he recalled resentfully some injury which the bank cashier had done him. I am not sure that there may not have been some such basis for it.

Little by little I began to suspect that I did not entirely satisfy the cravings of Lucy Belle's youthful spirit. She seemed restless and abstracted sometimes when she was with me. I found it difficult to entertain her, and I fancied I saw her casting speculative glances at Mr. Minor.

Lansing Minor was not as susceptible as I had been. It took a fortnight for Lucy Belle to cast her spell over him. Perhaps his slowness to respond piqued her a little and made her more determined. At any rate, signs of conquest at length began to appear.

Personally, I was dropped. But I did not mind that so much as I thought I should. I sighed deeply and mooned about and told myself I was most forlorn. But I discovered in myself unsuspected powers of recuperation. I began to look at the affair objectively. At length I reached the con-

clusion that the soft enchantment in which I had been wandering, delightful though it had been and strangely warming to a somewhat incrusted heart, could not have been love. True love, according to all the theories I had ever evolved or read of, left deeper scars. I found myself, by slow degrees, capable of thinking of other things. I began wondering how Minor's dereliction was affecting Margaret.

For he was evidently infatuated with Lucy Belle. He bought an automobile—something he had hitherto scorned—and took her riding in the moonlight. Sometimes they came back very late. Lucy Belle appeared very well pleased with all this. As for Minor, I suspected that most of his work at the bank was being done by the assistant cashier.

But Margaret gave no sign of emotion of any sort. I watched her quite narrowly, but learned nothing. She was polite and smiling as ever to Minor and affectionate with Lucy Belle. I could not understand it. Was she callous, or very brave? It was a mystery to me. Togo, however, was less enigmatic. He was neither polite nor smiling toward Lansing Minor.

Then came the boy. He was a very nice, fresh-faced boy named Roswell Worthen. I don't know where he came from, but it was evident what brought him. He had lodgings at the Inn, but the

Inn did n't see much of him. Lucy Belle did. It was quite apparent that she had seen a good deal of him before. They were on terms of amazing intimacy.

I say he was a nice boy, and yet I could not quite make him out. He was a big fellow and looked well in his knickerbockers and cream-colored, fuzzy stockings. Very collegiate looking. He and Lucy Belle conversed rapidly in a dialect that was only partially intelligible to me. He made himself at home all around. He called Lucy Belle "Sweetheart" openly, though without sentimentality. Margaret he addressed as "Sister," and Mrs. Huntington as "Little Lady." He spoke of Minor as "Uriah." What he called me behind my back I don't know; he usually addressed me as "Old-Timer."

Roswell had a speedy roadster, and Minor's shiny black car was left in its garage. Minor himself hovered disconsolately around, but rather on the outskirts of things. He was definitely demoted. And he did n't like it a bit. He looked dark and sour, sometimes tragic. He even attempted to quarrel with Roswell, but that was quite impossible. The boy only grinned and offered him cigarettes.

Togo rather took to the boy, who treated him as a sort of equal, in a sporting sense. Sometimes Roswell and Lucy Belle persuaded him to accom-

pany them on their walks, but usually he came trotting back before very long, to rejoin Margaret or me. In fact, Lucy Belle and her boy were the only ones who continued to take walks for pleasure. Things somehow seemed to have got into a sorry state for every one else. For my own part, I didn't feel much like walking, and I don't think Margaret did, either. I didn't ask her to walk with me. I don't know just why, but the rapidly changing situation had left me with a feeling of confused embarrassment, and I hesitated to intrude. The evenings were getting warm, anyway. And I couldn't count on Togo in the morning any more; half the time he was with Margaret.

Solomon was not the only person to be puzzled by the way of a man with a maid. Minor had been very earnest in his attentions, but the boy won his victories, apparently, with nonchalant ease. He walked away with Lucy Belle as cool as you please.

He did that literally one July evening. There was a place on my porch, shaded from the street light, where I could sit unobserved and watch the goings-on next door. I am not quite sure as to the ethics of this occupation, but a man of my profession needs to study life, particularly as manifested by the young.

Margaret, Lucy Belle, and Roswell were sitting together that evening, Margaret in her chair and

the other two on the steps, when Minor came up the walk. I thought I detected a suggestion of determination in his bearing. He stood before them, hat in hand, talking. I could n't catch what he said. At length I saw him bend over Lucy Belle in a pleading sort of way. Then he took her boldly by the hand and lifted her to her feet. She was evidently not offended, for she was laughing. But Roswell was not. For the first time since I had known him I saw his face darken. He sprang to Lucy Belle's side. I could n't hear what he said, either. There was no melodramatic scene, but I was conscious of a certain tenseness as the three of them stood there, Lucy Belle glancing from one to the other with her laughing eyes.

Finally the amazing girl reached up and patted Minor's cheek, then thrust her arm into Roswell's and started off down the walk with him, throwing a roguish look over her shoulder. I was vexed with her. She need n't have been quite so heartless. Minor stood glaring after them and looking as though he would like to throw something, but he made no attempt to recapture the prize.

As the youthful pair passed my house Roswell caught sight of me and waved his hand.

"Hello, Old-Timer," he cried, grinning. "Top of the evening."

I rather envied him, but I could not wholly ap-

prove. I watched them as they strolled down the street, she in her white skirt and orange sweater and he in flannels. Then I turned my eyes again to the porch next door.

Minor was just ascending the steps, rather slowly. I suppose he did n't know quite what to do. Doubtless he hated to beat an immediate retreat. But the situation must have been somewhat embarrassing for them both. I saw him take one of the chairs. Somewhat less than an hour later he left.

He called again a few nights later, and again after that. He had evidently returned to Margaret. Well, I hoped she liked it. She seemed happy. I heard her singing about the house sometimes, and when I spoke to her, over the fence, she seemed her usual good-humored self. But I made no attempt to pry into her feelings. Our talk was usually of Togo and his escapades.

For my own part I was not happy at all. I sincerely wished I had followed the advice of Mrs. Stebbins and minded my own business. How had I ever managed to entangle myself in these affairs, anyway?

But curiosity, or something, made it impossible for me to turn my back on the house next door. Consequently I found myself witnessing another little evening drama.

Minor came again, and again I thought I observed the air of determination. He drew his chair close to Margaret's, and it was not long before I noticed something urgent in his manner. He was leaning forward, arguing or pleading. Then he took her hand. I could not see her face, but apparently she was acquiescent. She did not draw her hand away.

A strange sort of pain seized my heart. I did n't want this thing to happen. Most ardently I desired it not to happen. I did n't like Minor. And Margaret— But apparently it was going to happen, and the whole little comedy would soon be at an end.

Then I was overwhelmed with a sense of guilt. I had no business to be watching this. I must n't watch it. Now that events were touching Margaret so closely, I could no longer justify my spying even to myself. Besides, I really did not want to see what would happen next.

I rose quickly to my feet, intending to steal indoors, but out of the tail of my eye I saw Margaret rise as quickly. I still could not see her face, shadowed as it was by the wistaria, but she seemed to be protesting. I could see Minor's face, however, and I did not like the look of it.

He drew closer to her, seemed to be trying to draw her to him. I saw her stiffen, resist. I was

conscious of a conflict of purposes, conscious of a growing conviction that Minor was a brute. Still I hesitated to interfere and so to disclose my compromising position. Then I heard a menacing growl and Togo sprang from somewhere in the shadows and leaped upon the man.

The attack must have been disconcerting, to say the least. Minor thrust the dog away with his foot, but Togo resents that sort of thing. He returned savagely, with bared teeth, and there was an unmistakable directness of purpose in his fierce barking. Minor, his face quite livid with rage, kicked wildly at him. I shuddered to think what would have happened if his kick had landed, but Togo was too quick for him.

I won't have anybody treat my dog like that. I was about to vault over the piazza rail to join in the fray, and probably to make a fool of myself, when Margaret stepped forward into the light and called Togo to her side. Instantly he ceased his barking, and though he continued his muttered growls, he obeyed her. It was wonderful. He is a headstrong dog and would never in the world have done that for me.

I saw Margaret's profile, clear and distinct in the light of the street-lamp. Her face was pale, her head held high. I fancied I could even see her dilated nostrils and flashing eyes. Still she did

not raise her voice. She spoke to Minor and pointed toward the gate. He hesitated, but finally turned, saying something that I did not catch, and, trying rather unsuccessfully to twist his mouth into a sneer, walked rapidly to the gate and down the street. I was not a bit sorry for him.

"Hell," I thought, "hath no fury like a woman scorned, except one whose dog has been kicked."

Margaret sank back in her chair after he had gone and called Togo to her. She lifted him bodily into her lap and they sat there for a long time, like one rocking shadow.

I had forgotten all about my intention to go indoors. I sat for I don't know how many minutes, pulling on a dead pipe and gazing up through the branches of my maple-tree. I was scarcely thinking; I was merely nursing a sense of frustration.

From this mood I was awakened by the sound of pattering feet on my front steps, and Togo appeared. He came up to me and thrust his nose into my hand. The contact gave me a strange sense of companionship and comfort, but it did not last long. He trotted presently to the edge of the porch and stood looking back, whining a little. Then he began running back and forth. What on earth did the dog want?

I arose to see if he had brought up a dead rat or something to show me, the way a cat does some-

times, but it was n't that. He gave a little bark as if pleased, and dashed down the steps. Obeying an instinct that I did not comprehend, I followed him. That was quite evidently what he wanted me to do. He led me across the lawn, and before I was fully aware of what I was doing, I found myself entering the Huntington gate.

It was too late to turn back now, and I mounted the steps with a feeling of trepidation. Margaret was still there in her chair.

"I don't mean to intrude," said I. "I was sitting on my porch and Togo came and seemed to want me to go with him. He led me here."

"Yes," said she. "I knew you were there. I sent him for you."

Merciful heavens! She knew I was there, and I had thought myself so effectively concealed. And she had sent Togo for me! Well, if I was in for a scolding, I would take it. I deserved it.

Much to my relief, however, she made no reference to what had recently taken place on the porch. She asked me to sit down, and then, after a pause, she said: "I was feeling lonely. I wanted company. Why have you been so solitary of late?"

I could think of no adequate answer to that. I don't remember what I mumbled. I was thinking of her loneliness. My heart went out to her. Of course she was lonely, and doubtless hurt. She had

been treated abominably. But I was glad she had sent Minor about his business. I hoped her loneliness would not cause her to weaken. But of course I could not express any of that. But Margaret was apparently not thinking of Minor.

"I had been counting so much on having Lucy Belle at home here," said she, "now that she 's through college. But she 's going to leave. Roswell won't wait. I suppose you knew they were engaged."

"No," said I, "I did n't know."

"They 're to be married in September. It seems so soon."

I mumbled again, and another silence followed. I yearned to say something sympathetic and comforting, but I simply did n't know how. It seemed wrong, somehow, that a fine, high-spirited young woman like Margaret should be left like this, to be lonely and perhaps lose all her sunniness and never sing about the house any more. I realized vaguely that I should miss that, though of course my own feelings were quite irrelevant.

"Henry," she said at last, and I was a bit startled to hear her use my Christian name. "I am trying to get up the courage to ask a great favor of you."

"If it 's anything in my power—" I began, but she checked me.

"Don't commit yourself too hastily. Do you

know who my best friend is—the one I want more than any other? It 's Togo. I think I could struggle along if I had Togo."

"You mean you want me to give Togo to you?"

"Yes. I know you never wanted him in the first place, or I would n't think of asking such a thing. I know I can see him often, in any event, but I want to feel that he 's mine. You may like a dog, or even love a dog, but it is n't the same thing as having him for your own dog."

Well, I had come to understand a little of that. Perhaps I had been a bit lonely in my own life—more so than I knew. During the past weeks Togo had come to mean a good deal to me. I should never have believed such a thing possible. But now that I thought of losing him, of feeling that he belonged to some one else, a sort of sorrow entered my breast. Of course, I should hear his toe-nails at my door again, and feel his strong little head under my hand, and look again into his mischievous, loving eyes. It would n't be as though he had died. But he would n't be my dog. That, strangely enough, makes such a difference. It is almost like having your sister get married. I could see just what Margaret meant, just what it was that she so much wanted.

I arose from my chair and, stooping down, put my arm about Togo's neck. In the shadow I kissed

the top of his dear little trouble-making head. Then I led him over to her and placed her hand in his collar.

"Togo is yours," said I.

I stole a quick look at her face, and then I had to drop my eyes. Had I seen tears in hers? She drew Togo tenderly to her. It seemed to me that I should have to go now, but her voice called me back.

"Togo is really my dog?"

"Togo is yours," I repeated, trying to keep my voice steady.

"Love me, love my dog," said she, in a voice very low, very sweet.

She was not poking fun at me; even I could tell that. I stood there with my brain in a turmoil, praying for understanding, praying for guidance that I might be making no mistake. I dropped to one knee, just like some early Victorian suitor, and ventured to lay my hand on the slim one that rested on Togo's head.

"I do love you, Margaret," I said. "I 've loved you all the time."

"If I had n't known that," said she, "do you suppose I should ever have asked you for Togo?"

With her free hand she smoothed back my hair. A sort of ecstasy stole over me, a concentrated happiness, and a great peace, too.

"And then," I cried, inspired, "Togo can be *our* dog?"

"Oh, Henry!" was all she said, laughing and crying a little at the same time. Then she bent down and kissed me, and simultaneously I felt Togo's rough tongue at my ear.

THE MIRACLE

THE MIRACLE

"HERE comes Ben Gunn!" cried Bobby Chester from his chair in the window, and Grandma Rogers, who must henceforth be known in this narrative as Captain Smollett, came across the room and peered out. The mail man, in his gray uniform, was coming down the street.

"Say, 'What ho!' Captain Smollett."

"What ho!" said Captain Smollett, obediently.

For Grandma Rogers had been reading "Treasure Island" to the whitefaced little cripple, fated to spend his days in a chair, with the world shut out by a window-screen, and his useless, wasted little legs, which had been intended for running and romping, stretched out before him on the old worsted-covered ottoman. Grandma had been very doubtful about the book, and had stopped several times in the reading of it, fearing the effect of vivid pictures of violence and gore on her delicate and impressionable patient. They had, indeed, shocked her. But Bobby, entranced, had begged her to go on, and Bobby's father had seemed to discount the danger of continuing the bloody tale.

For Bobby the story opened a new and magic realm in which he could live a virile life, unhampered by such things as withered legs. At first he thought of himself as Long John Silver, since Long John had hobbled about on one leg, but there all possible analogy ended, and he adopted the more logical impersonation of young Jim Hawkins, who was, in a way, the hero of the story. He peopled his little shut-in world with seamen and pirates, varlets and adventurers, and there was a chest of Spanish gold buried in every corner of the room. His father became naturally Squire Trelawney; and Dr. Hooker, whom he had long since forgiven for the terrible things he had done to him and who still came to see him occasionally, he rechristened Dr. Livesey. The grocer-boy, who always grinned at him from his cart, and who performed inconceivably waggish antics for his amusement, became Long John Silver for want of a better subject.

Grandma Rogers (there had been no mother since Bobby could remember) substituted sympathy for imagination and did the best she could in the character of Captain Smollett. She drew the line at blood-curdling curses, which Jim Hawkins would have rejoiced to hear from her lips, but in all else she was satisfactorily obedient. Gradually she came to comprehend something of the game and to acquire a shrewd, hardened cast of countenance on

occasion, to growl in her throat, and to shoot men down without a shudder. On the whole Captain Smollett was a success.

Ben Gunn turned and opened the gate next door, picking a letter or two from the little bundle which he carried in a strap in his hand, and passed out of sight. The trill of his whistle sounded.

"All hands on deck!" cried Jim Hawkins.

Then Ben Gunn appeared again within the range of Jim's vision and approached the window. With an effort which made him wince a little, Jim raised the screen.

"What ho, Gunn!"

"What ho, Jim Hawkins!"

"Have you got Bill Bones' chart of the island, Ben Gunn?"

"Aye, aye, sir," said Ben, and handed Jim an envelope addressed to Mr. Horace Chester—which was Squire Trelawney's other name—and bearing the name of the telephone company in the corner.

Jim Hawkins glanced at it and handed it with a little sigh to Captain Smollett. How the commonplace world did constantly intrude upon one, to be sure! He watched Ben Gunn until he was out of sight, and then sank back in his cushions with a look of weariness about his pinched little mouth. Virility came hard sometimes.

For perhaps an hour he lay there, gazing up at

the sky through the leaves of the horse-chestnut tree, dreaming wistfully, while Captain Smollett busied herself about her household duties. The reading hour would come sometime, and Jim Hawkins had learned patience in a difficult school. It had been nearly two years now since infantile paralysis had left him with the wasted legs and the pain in his back. At first they had expected him to recover strength and gradually to regain the use of his limbs. Betty Peters, on the other side of town, was running around now, with the help of iron and leather braces. But Bobby Chester had disappointed them all. So they had taken him to a hospital, where white-capped nurses watched over him in a little white bed in a little white room and gave him his eggs and bread and milk on a white tray that swung over the bed. And Dr. Hooker came, and another doctor, with gray hair and spectacles. And one day they had taken him into another room and had put him to sleep with some sickish-smelling stuff, and when he woke up he was worse than ever. Three times they had made him undergo this terrible ordeal, and then they had given it up. Now a man came three times a week and rubbed and tortured him, but that did n't seem to do much good, either. Jim Hawkins endured it only by closing his eyes and thinking that the rubbing man was a parrot named Captain Flint who

kept saying over and over again, "Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!" Well, he would n't come again till Thursday, anyway.

Suddenly Jim Hawkins sat up, and his eyes brightened. Something was moving and running about at the corner, sniffing at the trees and looking up and down. Yes, it was coming nearer.

"Black Dog!" cried Jim Hawkins. He had hardly dared to hope that the little cocker spaniel would come again.

"Black Dog," the name of a ruffian in the story, seemed singularly appropriate for this visitor, especially as Jim Hawkins did not know of any other name. He did not know that it was none other than Champion Ringfield Motto, who had won a frameful of ribbons and two silver cups for Mr. Whitcomb, who drove the big motor-car and lived somewhere over on Bateman Street. He had appeared out of nowhere the day before, had sniffed about in the Chester yard for a little while, had looked up with big, dark eyes when Jim Hawkins whistled, and then had gone trotting off down the street, evidently called by some important appointment.

Here he was, though, again. Perhaps he intended to join Jim's crew. Who could tell? Jim Hawkins watched him with delight as he trotted and doubled back and forth on his busy little legs,

his long ears with their wavy hair falling over his nose as he investigated the roots of the syringa-bush, and his short tail wagging incessantly.

Black Dog, if the truth were known, had had no specific purpose in coming into Morton Street. It is doubtful whether he retained any definite recollection of the low whistle and the white face of a boy at the window. So many things had happened in the meantime. But he did dimly remember that he had found Morton Street a pleasant place the day before, and he was finding it a pleasant place now. Life is, more or less, a quest for new smells, with always the possibility of running upon the rare scent that will lead to a great adventure. That is why one sniffs so eagerly and with always such an air of intense expectancy.

Black Dog found the roots of the syringa-bush particularly attractive. A chicken-leg had once been buried there, and though it had since been removed, the scent of it still lingered, together with the scent of a certain aristocratic police-dog of the neighborhood and of a certain brown dog from Paddy Hill that was not aristocratic at all. They were equally interesting to Black Dog.

Suddenly Black Dog stopped and stood stock-still, his nostrils working in the light breeze. His heavy ears moved a little and the oscillation of his tail

slowed down to a barely perceptible waving. He had heard something.

There it was again, that unmistakable kissing sound that human beings often make when they wish to attract a dog's attention. But there was no human being in sight. Black Dog looked quickly about him and then, realizing that ears are better than eyes anyway, cocked his head a little on one side and listened.

"Black Dog! Here! Tchk, tchk! Come here."

Black Dog lifted his nose and looked up. Then he remembered the boy that had whistled to him. Nice little boy, too. As a rule he avoided boys; they were annoying. But this one kept his distance.

Jim Hawkins raised the screen and reached out a slender hand. Black Dog came nearer and sniffed. Jim Hawkins snapped his fingers.

"Woof!" said Black Dog, stamping with his fore feet and setting his tail in rapid motion again.

Jim Hawkins laughed and slapped the window-sill.

Black Dog crouched, gave a little jump sideways, rolled up his eyes and looked very savage, and then suddenly stood erect and sneezed.

It was a wonderful game and it lasted twenty minutes, and then Black Dog had to run home.

So when Squire Trelawney came in, unusually

early for him, he found Jim Hawkins bright-eyed and smiling. Jim heard him in the hall, talking with Captain Smollett and saying something about an examination. Squire Trelawney bent down and kissed him, and stood for a moment looking down at him, with his hand on the boy's head.

"Feeling pretty well, sonny?" he asked.

"Jim Hawkins," corrected the boy.

"Feeling pretty well, Jim?"

"Sure," said Jim, and began telling all about Black Dog. Mr. Trelawney looked pleased.

"I hoped you 'd be feeling strong," said he, "because Dr. Hooker—Dr. Livesey, I mean—is coming this afternoon to look you over, and that always seems to tire you. That 's why I came home early. Can you face the music, Jim Hawkins?"

"Sure," said Jim.

It was not long before Dr. Livesey came with his little black bag. He chatted with Jim a little while, holding his hand and listening to the story of Black Dog. Then he reached down and began feeling of Jim's legs.

"Let 's have a look at the pins, Jim," said he.

He examined the poor little limbs very carefully, tickled Jim's toes, tapped his knee until he kicked spasmodically, and then felt of his hips and the muscles of his thighs. Then he lifted the light lit-

tle body in his arms and felt of the boy's back.

He placed him in the chair again and stood looking down at him thoughtfully and scratching his chin. Then he shook his head and turned to Squire Trelawney and Captain Smollett, who were anxiously looking on.

"I can't understand it," he said in a low voice. Jim Hawkins could not catch enough of the words to make out their meaning. "So far as I can see, that last operation was entirely successful. The massage has helped the muscles and the nervous reaction has improved tremendously, and yet he does n't seem to have the power to move his legs. It 's strange."

"Don't you suppose that 's partly habit?" inquired Squire Trelawney. "He has n't moved his legs for so long, you know."

"I think that 's it. It must be. Do you mind if I make a test?"

"You won't hurt him?"

"I 'll try not to."

"Come, Jim Hawkins," said he, striding over to the boy, "it 's high time you got your sea-legs on. This was the day, you know, that you were going to begin to walk. How about it?"

Jim looked at him wistfully and said nothing.

"Let 's try it," said Dr. Livesey.

He lifted Jim from his chair in his strong arms and held him so that his dangling toes just touched the floor.

"That does n't hurt, does it?"

"No," said Jim.

"Now walk. Make the old pins go."

Jim Hawkins tried, until his lips were only a bloodless line in his face, but he succeeded only in making his legs twitch uncertainly.

"Better stand on 'em first, I suppose," said Dr. Livesey. He lowered the boy's body until part of the weight of it rested on the feet, but the poor little knees only bent and refused to sustain the burden.

"Now step," said Dr. Livesey.

Jim tried manfully, and then fell limp and broke into tears.

"I can't," he cried piteously. "I can't. Please don't make me."

Dr. Livesey laid the quivering little form back upon the cushions, and then Captain Smollett came over and smoothed the damp forehead and comforted the little chap until the sobbing ceased.

"Doctors," said Jim Hawkins tearfully, quoting from his book, "is all swabs."

"I 'm afraid we are," said Dr. Livesey to Squire Trelawney in the hall. "I confess, I don't understand it. The muscular power is there and indica-

tions of nervous control. I wish I knew what would make him exert it. Perhaps some shock—something to awaken his latent will-power over the disused limbs. I don't know what else. Well, you 'd better let Marshall continue with the massage. He insists that he has seen Bobby move his legs. Perhaps he can get him to do it consciously."

But Captain Smollett only shook her head and stood looking down sadly at little Jim.

It may be that Mr. Marshall—or Captain Flint, rather—was inclined to be a bit optimistic, or to overrate his own powers. He reported, after another week, that Jim Hawkins was certainly able to draw up his knees a little and to move his left foot consciously, but Dr. Livesey hesitated to attempt another heroic test. Unquestionably, though, Jim Hawkins was slowly getting better in other ways. He slept less during the day, had a better appetite, and looked less pale and pinched in the face. His eyes were brighter. This may have been due to the ministrations of Dr. Livesey and Captain Flint, or it may have been due, as Captain Smollett was inclined to think, to the stimulating effects of imaginary adventures on Treasure Island, frequent slaying of powerful but wicked men, and the daily visits of Black Dog.

For Black Dog did come almost every day, and sometimes twice a day. It is not necessary to at-

tribute any charitable motives to Black Dog. He was a selfish little tike, after all. But he was a creature of habit and routine, and having once found Morton Street a pleasant place in which to pursue his endless quest for the Lost Scent, he had readily added it to his daily itinerary. There were one or two fleet but timid cats on Morton Street that furnished good sport for a spaniel; there were gray squirrels who waited temptingly at the feet of trees and then scurried away into the branches—there was always the chance of catching one unawares; there were broad lawns and deep yards, with many enticing shrubs and hedges and fence-corners; there was a quarrelsome fox-terrier and a somewhat disreputable but fascinating Airedale and a friendly old St. Bernard; there were, if the whole truth must be known, alluring garbage-cans in Morton Street; and there was a harmless little boy in a window who whistled and laughed but never teased.

The game with Jim Hawkins became simply a part of Black Dog's crowded diurnal program. It retained its place partly because it added to the obvious attractions of Morton Street and partly because it showed possibilities of development. It became a more complicated game as the days went by. There was the low whistle and the deep-throated reply. There was the introductory part of the game which might be called "hunting for the

noise." There was the cleverly assumed surprise of mutual recognition, and the consequent spasms of joy. There was the game of trying to leap into the window, none the less engrossing because obviously impossible of accomplishment. And then the final development of the plot—the mad dash out into the street after an imaginary ball, tossed by the boy in the window. Then the pretended preoccupation with something else, the suddenly returning recollection of the stationary playmate, and the final leave-taking in company with the Airedale or the St. Bernard.

Sometimes Captain Smollett was obliged to go out on some household business, and it was then that the coming of Black Dog was especially welcome, for a silent house becomes very trying at times. On the day of the miracle Jim Hawkins and Captain Smollett were especially glad that Black Dog's visit had been postponed, for Jim had been a little depressed. Captain Smollett hated to leave him alone, but it was necessary. She came in with her hat and gloves and the twine bag which she carried to market, and sat for a few minutes beside the bridge, as Jim Hawkins called his chair.

"Going ashore?" inquired Jim.

"Aye, aye, sir," replied Captain Smollett.

"See that you do not return without the treasure."

"Aye, aye, sir." Captain Smollett's conversa-

tion was inclined to become a bit monotonous unless she were constantly coached.

"Let 's have a chantey before you go."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Then with outstretched arms, and swaying in unison as though pulling on a capstan-bar, the pale little boy and the sweet-faced old lady chanted solemnly:

"Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!"

"Lower away," commanded Jim Hawkins.

"Aye, aye, sir."

Jim sat watching her wistfully until she was out of sight, and then continued watching for Black Dog. There was always the haunting fear that the familiar black form might fail to appear, that he might, indeed, never come again. One has so little control over the world's affairs. That was why there was something very exciting about the anticipation and so delightful in the realization. Faith is seldom so simple and complete that it is not a little surprised at its own rewards.

At last Black Dog hove in sight, making his deliberate and tortuous way down the street, now

disappearing behind the trunk of a tree, now stopping exasperatingly to make an especially minute investigation of the gutter, now appearing unexpectedly around the end of a privet hedge.

Jim Hawkins smiled a little as he watched him. He was such a busy, intense, serio-comic sort of little dog, with his bright, intelligent eyes and his ever-vibrating tail. How pleasant it must be to have such a dog for your very own, to feel his long ears and stroke his head, perhaps to have him reach up and rest his fore paws on your arm and let you lay your cheek against his cold nose!

At last he was in Jim's own yard, sniffing about the roots of the syringa-bush. Jim Hawkins piped all hands on deck. Black Dog paused and pretended to be listening, trying to locate the strange sound. Jim whistled again, and Black Dog, after a swift circumnavigation of the yard, which sent up a little shower of leaves and twigs and pebbles, came and crouched beneath Jim's window, with his head thrown back, his short tail wagging in the grass, his pink tongue and gleaming teeth showing, and his lustrous eyes fixed on Jim Hawkins's face.

Jim raised the screen and reached out his hand, holding it as far down as he could. Black Dog made frantic efforts to reach it with his pink tongue. Again and again he leaped, almost turning a somersault in his eagerness, but his short legs

were not equal to the effort. Jim Hawkins laughed aloud and withdrew his hand.

"Avast, Black Dog!" he cried in his commanding treble.

"R-rowf!" said Black Dog.

Now came the best part of the game, the throwing of the imaginary ball. Jim Hawkins would have delayed action if he had noticed the delivery-truck speeding around the corner, but he was too much engrossed in the game. So was Black Dog. And the driver, not being Long John Silver, was not looking for boys and dogs at that moment and saw only a deserted street and a clear way ahead.

Black Dog watched with quivering excitement while Jim Hawkins rolled the imaginary ball in his slender hands. He saw Jim Hawkins raise it to his lips and heard the little kissing sound. He saw Jim gather his puny strength and heave the invisible ball out into the road. Then he turned like a flash and, with his head down, dashed out after it at the top of his speed.

Too late Black Dog heard the roar of the impending danger and saw the huge bulk of destruction bearing down upon him. He tried in vain to check his impetuous rush. Chaos seemed to rise up before and around him; all was terror and confusion. Then a blinding crash, overpowering pain, and blackness.

"Black Dog!" screamed Jim Hawkins, but Black Dog did not hear.

The man in the truck had instinctively jammed on his brakes. Then, hearing the yelp and the scream, he glanced apprehensively about. Seeing no one, he cursed aloud, and hurried on.

Jim Hawkins was unaware of the existence of the rapidly departing truck. He saw only a pitiful little black heap in the gutter. For a time he sat dumb and motionless with horror. He gripped the arms of the chair and stared with open mouth at the awful spectacle. Ruthless slayer of brawny ruffians as he had been in his dreams, he had never looked upon sudden death before in its reality. He was appalled, benumbed.

Then he thought he saw a little movement in the crumpled black form in the gutter. There was a little struggling effort, it seemed, and a low whimper. Then all was quiet again.

Jim's senses returned to him, and the terror of it all.

"Grandma!" he screamed. "Oh, Grandma!"

But only the shrill echo of his own voice answered him. The house was deathly still. He remembered that Captain Smollett had gone out.

He looked desperately up and down the street, but no one was in sight. Long John Silver came usually in the morning, and it was not quite time

yet for Ben Gunn. If only some one would come.

He screamed again, but there was no answer. Was the whole neighborhood asleep? All the world seemed suddenly stricken with death, except the vibrant, intensely alive, intensely terrified little lad sitting helplessly in the window.

"Black Dog!" he cried again, and again he thought he saw the weak movement and heard the little whine.

There it was again, unmistakable. Black Dog, then, was still alive. He must have help. Would no one come to help him? It was pitiful, horrible. Why did not all the doors on the street burst open, and men and women pour forth to aid Black Dog in his extremity? It was as silent and deserted as a graveyard.

Black dog was moving again. His little hind feet were kicking aimlessly. Then, with a mighty effort, he half rose, flashed an appealing, heart-breaking look up at Jim Hawkins, and then fell back, panting.

That look went straight to the soul of Jim Hawkins, straight through all his bodily weakness, straight through all material realities. And his soul miraculously answered.

The thin, wasted legs moved, dropped from the ottoman, and Jim slipped quietly to the floor. He was crying now, but the tears ran unnoticed down

his cheeks. His body was trembling and shaking with sobs as he crawled and hitched himself along the floor, over the threshold, and into the front hall.

At the front door he stopped, looking up piteously and helplessly at the knob. But it would not turn of its own volition. Jim Hawkins did not stop to ask whether he could do it or not. He raised himself, slowly, painfully, doubtfully to his knees, grasped the knob, drew back the heavy door. Then he continued his slow, hesitating, long journey across the porch and down the steps, sitting there and letting himself down one after the other.

When he reached the lawn he was nearly exhausted, but he had somehow learned the trick of the hitching, crawling method of locomotion. He did not analyze it; he scarcely thought at all. All his being was focused on one point, the eyes of Black Dog in the gutter.

No one knows how long it took, or precisely how he got there. It was Ben Gunn, plodding along on his afternoon route, who found them.

"I was never so flabbergasted in my life," is the way Ben told the story. "There they were, the two of 'em, in a dead faint. I had n't the least notion what had happened. Bobby had the dog in his arms, and they was all crumpled and wound up together, cheek to cheek. I tried to pry 'em apart, but it war n't no use; so I just picks 'em up

in my arms like a sack o' mail an' bundles 'em into the house."

When Jim Hawkins opened his eyes, he was lying in his bed with Captain Smollett bending over him and Dr. Livesey sitting in a chair holding his wrist. Before long Squire Trelawney came. But Jim Hawkins was looking around for some one else.

"Black Dog," he murmured. "Where is Black Dog?"

"He 's in good hands," said Dr. Livesey. "Don't worry. Now just drink a little of this and see if you can't go to sleep."

He went to sleep; slept, in fact, until early morning. But when he awoke again he was not to be quieted so easily. Orders were issued and couriers despatched. News of Black Dog must be obtained instantly. And Jim Hawkins must take his place on the bridge. Dr. Livesey seemed to think there would be no harm in that, and so Jim found himself at the window again, watching eagerly for the return of Squire Trelawney.

At last he appeared, hurrying down the street.

"Your report," demanded Jim Hawkins.

"All 's well," said Squire Trelawney. "Black Dog is resting comfortably at his home with Mr. Whitcomb on Bateman Street. He had two ribs broken and suffered from shock, but Mr. Whitcomb

got the best vet. in the country out from New York, and he says that Black Dog will be all right again in a couple of weeks, though he may never win another blue ribbon."

Two weeks is a long time to wait, and long before the time had elapsed Jim Hawkins found himself staring for hours down the street, watching for a familiar little black form to emerge from behind the hedges. Now that he had learned to help himself somewhat, and seemed to be getting stronger all the time, they let him sit on the front porch, from which point of vantage he could see farther up the street.

Then one Sunday afternoon a big red car drew up at the curb and a man with a black burden in his arms got out and started toward the house. Jim Hawkins sat up and stared. The black burden began to wriggle and struggle, and then emitted a sharp "R-rowf!"

The man from the automobile set him down, and Black Dog hurried up the steps, a little stiffly perhaps, and, planting his fore paws on Jim's knee, reached upward with his pink tongue.

"Black Dog!" cried Jim Hawkins, and buried his face in the wavy hair.

Squire Trelawney and Captain Smollett came out and spoke to Mr. Whitcomb, and while they were talking a strange phenomenon occurred. Jim Haw-

kins, without assistance, lifted his feet to the floor of the porch and stood for a moment, somewhat uncertainly, holding to the arm of the chair. Captain Smollett started forward anxiously, but Squire Trelawney laid a restraining hand on her arm. Then they watched breathlessly while Jim Hawkins, with wavering, uncertain steps, made his way to the edge of the porch and sank down on the top step, where he could better engage in the occupation of loving Black Dog.

"He 'll be running around with that dog in another six months," predicted Mr. Whitcomb. But something rose simultaneously in the throats of Squire Trelawney and Captain Smollett which prevented their replying. They saw Black Dog eagerly nuzzle the boy's neck for a moment, making the little fellow laugh because it tickled so. Then the dog lay quiet across Jim Hawkins's knees, his big eyes fixed adoringly on the boy's smiling face. They began to sway a little, back and forth, back and forth. Jim Hawkins was crooning something into the long, silky ear. Mr. Whitcomb bent his head to listen.

"Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

THE PHANTOM HOUND OF HARDHACK

THE PHANTOM HOUND OF HARDHACK [1]

I HAVE been a long time bringing myself to set down the strange story of Etta Farnsworth and the phantom hound of Hardhack Hill because I have doubted my ability to make it credible. It is not the sort of thing that happens in highly civilized communities where people are born, marry, and die without tragedy and without superstitious terrors.

When one knows that North Country as I have come to know it during several successive seasons, and has caught the taste of its atmosphere, one more readily believes. Strongly do I doubt if there is a rougher, more tumultuous bit of natural scenery in all New England, save perhaps the rocky summit of Katahdin. It is like a battle-ground of the Titans who, in their fury, cleft the massive ledges, hurled high the shapeless ridges, and cast about them great, rugged boulders and huge piles of lightning-hewn rocks. I fancy there may be places like it in the wilder parts of the Scottish Highlands, and it has bred a people of similar type.

[1] Copyright, 1920, by Street & Smith Corporation.

All the way up from Matworth along the stony mountain road one's ears are assailed by the raging of Roaring Brook, which in some sections would be termed a river. Icy cold from the grotesquely tumbled masses of the lofty Pacontics, it comes racing down its bristling gorge, pine-green in its depths, snow-white in its tortured upheavings, angrily vocal all the way, tearing past tree-hung ledges and circling at length around the old pioneer hamlet of Two Bridges, where it turns the ponderous, antiquated wheel of Amos Peck's sawmill.

For several miles north from Two Bridges the left-hand side of the Gorge is a precipitous cliff, perilously jagged, growing ever more lofty where the furious stream has cut into the side of Hardhack Hill. Here twilight comes while the sun still hangs above the western ridge, and the white spray leaps like dancing ghost forms in the night.

Hardhack itself is a mountain of no mean proportions though its softer contour is dwarfed by the upreaching peaks of the Pacontics beyond. Thickly clad in pine, hardwood, and shadowy spruce, save where fires have left their ugly scars in its sides, it hunches its huge shoulder up toward the sky, and at the top there is a bare, pale, leprous heap of frost-cleft granite. In the morning the mist arises from Roaring Brook to roll at length

over the top of Hardhack like a shroud lifted by some spirit hand, leaving naked that sickly, scowling blemish at the summit.

Fish and game still abound in that North Country, which explains my visits there. Trout grow strong and gamy in the swirling waters of Roaring Brook; grouse and quail populate the upland pastures; foxes and even wildcats and bears prowl up the wooded sides of Hardhack, whence the wind was wont to bear to us on those unrestful nights the weird baying of the phantom hound.

Perhaps the gruesome depths of Roaring Brook Gorge and the unchanging shadow of Hardhack Hill may be held to account for the austere mysticism of the inhabitants of Two Bridges and the outlying farms. It is a long, rough ride from the railroad at Matworth, and the twentieth century has not yet essayed it. Something supernatural, unpleasant, even menacing at times, seems to brood over Hardhack, something that does not love the abode of man. One gets an intimation of it from Gideon Balch, the stage-driver, on the way up, and in time learns to realize, though never to comprehend, its ever-present influence, its oppressive hold on human life.

It expresses itself, this uncanny influence, in many absurd ways. In Amos Peck's family, where I have thrice boarded, the number thirteen is taboo, though Amos is professedly an enlightened and mili-

tant Christian; and an opal is the visible sign of an eternal and unspeakable curse. One soon learns to start no enterprise on a Friday and to listen to the cry of the whippoorwill at night with misgivings. It is in the air, I say, wooing the stoutest heart to easy and fearsome credulity, and it would require a sterner materialism than mine to combat it successfully.

The thing has taken root in the characters of these North Country people, and one observes a touch of melancholy even in the young. Some there be whose very souls it seems to have blighted. Etta Farnsworth was one of these, though there were those who explained her case more simply; she had been crossed in love. The Farnsworths lived on the first farm to the north of the village, their stony pastures tumbling down to the Gorge where more than one venturesome cow had met her fate in the treacherous crevasses. Etta was, I suppose, a melancholiac. No doubt a modern physician would have diagnosed her case quite readily and set it down to nerve-strain, overwork, and lack of natural recreation. But she had a way of casting frightened glances over her shoulder toward Hardhack when the clouds hung low which seemed significant to me. She was perhaps twenty-eight when I first met her, though she looked older. She was reasonably normal then, as normality goes in

those parts, though she was obliged to abstain from the excitement of religious meetings, and there were little nervous, furtive ways about her that I did not like the look of.

Etta's sister Sally it was who had married John Sanctuary and had gone to live with him on the last, loneliest, and rockiest farm up the slope of Hardhack. The thing had affected her differently. She had grown, according to all accounts, unbearably irritable and bitter, and there were none who envied John. Of all the folk of that region, I think the malign hand rested heaviest on him. I never knew him, but I judge he was at best a dour, silent man, looking out upon a hard world from under beetling brows, never smiling, never relaxing the tension of his gloom.

But all this Roderick did not seem to know. He was John's hound, a big, rangy, heavy-jawed brute, who partook of his master's surliness toward the bulk of mankind. But he had redeeming qualities, as most dogs have. He would guard John's flock of flee-bitten sheep against all comers, and he was a renowned hunter. And I think I never heard of a dog more utterly devoted to one man than was Roderick. When John was in drink, which happened periodically, he had been known to beat the dog cruelly, but without producing the slightest resentment on Roderick's part. He was John's slave

and constant champion and was seldom far from his master's heels. Sally he tolerated only because she was of the household, but toward no other human being had he ever shown the slightest friendliness save Etta Farnsworth. For some unaccountable reason he adopted her as his special care whenever she visited her sister, and a strange, irregular friendship sprang up between the two in spite of John's known antipathy for his sister-in-law.

When the baby came on Hardhack Farm, Roderick merely ignored it, and when the baby died it was as though there had never been one. John Sanctuary, so the story goes, cared for that baby, but it was said that Sally was an unnatural mother. At least, that was John's accusation, and it led to the tragedy.

My story must begin with the tragedy. An unhappy beginning, to be sure, but I will sketch the details of it briefly. I was not in Two Bridges when it occurred, and I had the account of it at second hand, first from the lips of morose Gideon Balch and later, more circumstantially, from the Pecks. I am inclined to be grateful for my absence at that time, for I should not have slept well o' nights thereafter, and I doubt whether my participation in those events would have helped me to do justice to a happening so horribly dramatic. I

fancy it lost none of its high lights in transmission to me.

This tragedy, let me repeat, is but the prologue of my tale. It seems that Sally Sanctuary had departed from Hardhack Farm and her husband some three years before my first arrival at Two Bridges, her departure following close upon a violent quarrel that was not unattended by blows. Where she went to live does not matter, but it was not back home with the Farnsworths. John did not care where it was, so that he never might set eyes on her again.

The whole thing might have ended sordidly enough but without bloodshed if Sally had not taken it into her silly head to indulge in a belated and highly sentimental mourning for her dead infant. It became the obsession of her life and her chief topic of conversation. John heard of it and was wroth, but he raged in silence. Then Sally took to visiting the child's grave at regular intervals, and placing flowers upon it. On the child's birthday, she announced, she would spend the day on the grave, without food or drink. Some busybody carried the news to John. He grew black but was ominously calm.

"If she does that, I will kill her," said he.

She did it, and he killed her. She had been warned, but she did not believe him capable of the

deed. Not until she heard the sound of his buggy-wheels behind her did mortal terror creep into her heart. She was close to the Farnsworth place at the time, and she turned her horse into the yard. Before she could alight John Sanctuary shot six bullets into her body and drove quietly home, the hound Roderick stiffly erect on the seat beside him.

Poor Etta was alone in the house when it happened. Scarcely stopping to look at her dying sister, she ran shrieking down the road toward town, her eyes wild and her hair flying. It was Mrs. Peck who took her in, while the men ran back to the Farnsworth place to look into the trouble.

Meanwhile, John Sanctuary had gone back to his house. He took a stick of dynamite which he had purchased for the blasting of rocks in his new orchard, and, sitting on a stump in the door-yard, deliberately blew himself into eternity. The sheriff discovered the evidences of all this, and the story, in some form or other, found its way into distant newspapers. Then the world forgot it, and after the tension of the thing eased up a bit neither John nor Sally was deeply mourned by the community.

So much for the double tragedy, and I am glad enough to dismiss the matter, though I am convinced that the memory of it still lingers in that subtle, awesome influence that hangs over Hardhack Hill.

Those who had the hardihood to visit Hardhack Farm after the tragedy found the house empty and disorderly, but no Roderick was there to interfere with their inquisitive investigations. The dog had utterly disappeared. Among the gruesome fragments that were all that remained of John Sanctuary, there were bloody things which suggested the theory that Roderick had gone the way of his master. To any one knowing the dog's habits it seemed a plausible theory and was generally accepted. Apparently he had refused to be separated from his master even in death. Perhaps John Sanctuary had willed it so. At any rate, the place of man and dog knew them no more.

All this occurred in April. In the lowlands and up the southern slope of Hardhack the cows had already been turned out to pasture, but snow still lingered in the dark gorge of Roaring Brook and in many of the rocky ravines and sheltered thickets of the country-side. A thunder-storm was unseasonable so early in the spring, but toward dusk of the day of the tragedy a black bank of cloud rolled up from the southwest and brought night suddenly to Two Bridges. As the racing thunder-heads poured over the bald summit of the hill the storm broke in terrific fury, bending the treetops in waves down the mountain-side and turning the roads into muddy torrents. The frightened cows came lowing

to the pasture-bars, begging for the shelter of the barns, and the horses whinnied nervously in their stalls. Few human beings ventured out of doors that night, and Two Bridges watched the wicked play of lightning over Hardhack from the windows. About midnight the fury of the storm abated, but the rain still beat against the closed shutters, and a chilly wind moaned ill-naturedly around the houses.

Etta Farnsworth, who had emerged from a swoon in a dazed state of mind, was put to bed by kind-hearted Mrs. Peck in her spare bedroom, but her father and mother drove home through the stinging rain. They were envied by none of the neighbors, and I can imagine that it was a dreadful night for them, isolated by the storm, spending the awful hours within a few yards of the scene of the shooting, with the constant crash and snarl of the thunder in their ears and the wind shrieking eerily down their chimneys. Martha Farnsworth, I have no doubt, spent most of the time on her knees. Myron, who was of sterner stuff, would be sitting stiffly upright in his chair, his thin lips pressed together, his brow drawn in a deep frown, steeling his heart against he knew not what approaching calamity.

After midnight, so they assert, they were both startled by an even more unearthly sound mingled

with the howling of the wind. Martha described it next day as the wailing of demons, but Myron is positive that it was like nothing so much as the baying of a homeless hound. For an hour or two the doleful sound continued about the house, now near, now far. At one time, when it approached very close, Myron ventured to peer out. A white thing, he says, flashed past the window. It might have been a dog, or it might have been a ghost—perhaps both. Then, toward dawn, it seemed to pass away up the mountain-side and was heard no more.

Knowing the people and the country as I do, I can imagine what a fearsome night that was for those who dwelt under the shadow of Hardhack. And though the sun rose brightly next morning over a world washed clean and fresh—and the North Country can be astonishingly beautiful on such perfect spring days—I know that it was not easy to shake off the effect of what had happened. I myself arrived in June, and I felt the influence of it before I had been in Two Bridges twenty minutes.

I was given my accustomed room at the Pecks', for Etta Farnsworth had been taken to her home. She was "not herself," they said, and was getting worse. A deep melancholia had her in its grip, and she was aroused from her mental lethargy only

by an occasional attack of violent hysteria which racked her poor body and left her as one dead. Old Dr. Peters drove up from Matworth, but he was powerless to cure her. He left sedatives to be administered when she suffered from her "spells," and drove away, shaking his head gloomily.

I could not bring myself to call at the Farnsworths' under these conditions, but I saw Etta one day as I passed along the road by their house; and if ever I looked upon a mad woman, it was she. She had been gathering roses in the door-yard, and at the sound of my footsteps she leaped to her feet like a startled animal. She began plucking the roses to pieces with nervous fingers and stared at me with wild, wide eyes in which the unmistakable fever of insanity burned. Then she turned and fled into the house, casting over her shoulder that strange, furtive look at Hardhack Hill.

It was Joe Marceau, a French Canadian, who brought in the first reports of the phantom hound; and because he was a "Canuck," his story was not fully credited. On three separate occasions, late in the afternoon, as Joe was returning from his traps on Hardhack Hill, he says he heard the unmistakable baying of a hound far up on the mountain. He supposed it was some hunter from beyond the ridge, but on the fourth occasion he saw the dog

as it loped across a piece of burnt timber-land. He described it as a big, gaunt, white hound, but unlike any dog he had ever seen before. No hunter appeared; the hound was quite alone. It seemed to be tracking no prey but ran straight across the clearing, silent as a ghost, save once when it emitted a low howl like the cry of a soul in torture. Something about it sent cold terror into Joe's heart, and he said that the dog's eyes were red like fire and that, as he watched, it vanished into thin air. Joe abandoned his traps on Hardhack Hill and applied for a job in the sawmill.

Then others began to hear the weird baying at night, and Joe's story began to be believed. At the time of my arrival at Two Bridges everybody had heard it, and Amos Peck took me out one moonlight night to put the matter to the test of an unbeliever's ears.

It was a night of extraordinary beauty. The moon, nearly at the full, hung in the western heavens, bathing in its cool, spiritual radiance the rolling pasture-lands and the massed trees of Hardhack, and picking out barn roofs and stone walls around the village. Save for the piping of the frogs and the incessant splashing roar of the brook, the night was still, and we were moved not to talk. The near cry of a whippoorwill made me jump, followed by the echo-like answer from swamp and orchard. Then,

as the chorus died away, I heard the thing they had told me about. A gentle breeze bore it to my ears from far up on the mountain-side—at first a low wail that might have been caused by a gust of wind in the complaining pines, and then a clear, long-drawn-out, mournful note, the unmistakable baying of a hound. There is music in the bell-like call of a good hound on the scent, but this was a cry which, though unquestionably that of a hound, was filled with a quality that sent the shivers down my back. There was something vaguely menacing in it, and a sorrow as deep as eternity.

I listened for the answering bark of the village dogs, but not one of them spoke. Ponto, Mr. Peck's half-bred collie, sniffed the breeze questioningly, whimpered a little, and pressed close to his master.

"You heard it?" asked Amos.

"Yes, I heard it," said I, and we went back to the house.

As the June days and nights passed over Hardhack, there were several who came to confirm the story of Joe Marceau. They, too, had seen the phantom hound. He was always described as huge, gaunt, and ghostly white. Always he was running and never veered from his course if he caught the scent of man near-by. Always he appeared suddenly and disappeared as if by magic, and always

there was the fear which sent men hurrying home, undesirous of a second glimpse.

As I listened to the unearthly baying at night, I found myself gradually coming to share in the nameless terror that seemed to obsess the entire community, and the thing commenced to get on my nerves. I began to entertain a desire to break the spell in some way, to lay the ghost. The thing was absurd, I argued, and though these repressed people of the North Country were perhaps excusable for their superstitions, I was not. I resolved to have a look at the phantom hound for myself.

I must admit that the Pecks had little difficulty in persuading me not to undertake the adventure alone, but I found it no easy matter to enlist the services of a guide. Most of the men of Two Bridges frankly stated that they would n't take the chance, but at last I got hold of Tim Hawley, who came over from East Bimford to fish in Roaring Brook. Tim was a worthless individual of no known occupation, but he was reputed to be afraid of neither God, man, nor the devil, and I dangled his reputation before his eyes. Also a ten-dollar bill, and Tim would have bartered his immortal soul for a ten-dollar bill that he did not have to work for.

We chose a fair evening for our expedition. There was no moon, but a brilliant starlight made all things visible, and there was no sign of storm.

Only the wind blew down over Hardhack with an unpleasant gustiness, tearing at the branches and whipping things suddenly into one's face.

Tim was a fast walker, and we made our way up one of the hill trails for a mile or more in good time. Then we struck in through the woods toward the burnt timber. About eleven o'clock we sat down to wait, Tim smoking endless cigarettes and scattering his matches recklessly on the dry ground. We did not converse; Tim had not been paid to converse, and I wanted to listen.

At last we heard it, off toward the west, first the low wail and then the clear, deep-throated bay filled with untold misery. Tim leaped to his feet as though he had heard a rifle-shot near at hand. Then he shook himself together with a shamefaced glance at me and started off toward the sound.

"Come on," said he.

Laboriously we plowed through the dense undergrowth of the burnt land, clambering over great rocks and skirting precipitous ledges, all appearing monstrous in the half-light of the stars. Then through a dark grove of spruces, and we paused again. At length we heard once more the voice of the phantom hound, nearer this time. Tim led on, sometimes baffled by the changing direction of the sound, but for the most part bringing it nearer.

Then suddenly it sounded close, so close that we

both stopped short and held our breath. We were standing among some mixed timber at the foot of a sloping cliff some fifty feet high, and the sound appeared to come from above. We looked up, and I heard Tim choke as there appeared on the brow of the cliff the lean, restless form of the phantom hound. It ran along the perilous edge of the rock above us with long, tireless strides, its form sharply silhouetted against the sky, visible with an almost phosphorescent whiteness, I thought, and appearing twice the size of a natural dog. As it ran it lifted its head a little, and that awful, ringing bay smote our ears. Then, mysteriously, the thing vanished.

I looked nervously about. Tim was nowhere to be seen, and I heard a furious crashing in the underbrush far below me. I was conscious of a momentary sense of scornful amusement as I thought of Tim's reputation for valor, and then I, too, turned and strode down through the dark defiles of the forest pursued by an ineffable dread.

I had seen the phantom hound, but the mystery of it continued to vex me until the day Etta Farnsworth disappeared, when all other thoughts were driven from my mind. For a week or more she had been practically helpless, sitting in her chair and uttering uncanny nonsense, and there had been talk of having her committed to a state institution for the insane. The Sanctuary tragedy was evidently preying on

what little there was left of her mind—that and strange imaginings of supernatural terrors.

No one knows when she left that chair; for her father was at work in his fields, and her mother was forced to leave her to go to the village. When Martha returned in the afternoon, Etta was gone. The neighbors were called and a searching-party was organized. Myron Farnsworth, who, as some of us thought, had not concerned himself deeply enough with his daughter's condition, was now thoroughly aroused, and vowed that he would leave no stone unturned to find her and bring her home.

Somewhere on the grassy logging-road that leads up through the Farnsworth upper pasture along the brink of Roaring Brook Gorge they found a handkerchief which Martha identified as Etta's, and the men were formed into three squads and started off to beat the woods to the west, up Hardhack Hill, and along the Gorge.

It so happened that I was one of the number detailed to accompany Myron up the hill. I think I have never seen a man walk so fast. He said little, keeping his thin lips tight-pressed, but his face was set in lines which told plainly of the mental agony that he was suffering. We deployed, keeping within hailing-distance of one another, and followed Myron as best we could.

Daylight failed us, and there was no further clue

of the missing woman. Night fell, a dark, overcast night, and it was impossible to see a yard ahead. Only two of the men had thought to bring lanterns. We drew close together, and at length succeeded in overtaking Myron.

"It 's no use goin' farther now," said Gideon Balch. "Might as well go home and start again to-morrow, Myron."

The father seemed on the point of pressing forward alone; but firm though kindly hands were laid upon him, and he was at last dissuaded.

"Perhaps one of the other parties has found her before this," I suggested.

"Hain't heard no gun," said Myron.

There was nothing more to be said, and we started sorrowfully on the down track. Just as we were leaving the woods there floated down to us from somewhere—from the midst of black clouds, so it seemed—the long, baleful baying of the phantom hound. I saw Myron Farnsworth press his knotty hand to his streaming brow, but that was all.

The other two parties had already come in when we returned. They had encountered no sign of the missing woman. We spent half the night in Joel Tucker's store eating crackers and cheese and exchanging the most fantastic speculations; all save two, Myron Farnsworth and Abner Guilford. Myron went home without a word and, I trust, to

bed. Abner, equally silent, stole away early, and presently we heard the sound of his buggy-wheels.

Next morning Myron, looking haggard and worn, was around betimes, eager to be off on the hunt, but when we called at Abner's house we heard news from his wife that caused us to delay.

Abner is the sheriff of Northwick County, the man who was the first to enter John Sanctuary's house after the tragedy. He is Martha Farnsworth's cousin, and every one knew that he had been extraordinarily fond of Etta, in his own rough way, ever since her baby days. This thing must have hit him nearly as hard as it hit Myron and Martha themselves. The news was that Abner had gone to Matworth for Jim Heckley and his bloodhound.

Jim was the sheriff of the next county, of which Matworth was the county-seat, and he was an old friend of Abner's. They had both held office for years, had been on many a criminal-hunt together, and had shared no little danger. This bloodhound was a fad of Jim's, and it had gained a state-wide reputation. Jim maintained the dog himself, as the county would vote no funds for the purpose, and he was the sheriff's close comrade. On more than one occasion he had helped to locate lost persons and criminals, and had the famous capture of Big Jerry, the half-breed incendiary and murderer, to his credit. When we got this news we took heart of hope. We

urged Myron to keep a stiff upper lip and persuaded him to wait for Abner.

That must have been a wild ride of Abner's; for the night had been black, and there are no arc-lights along the Roaring Brook Road between Matworth and Two Bridges. I fancy he did not spare his horse, either, for he left it in Matworth and came back in Jim Heckley's buckboard with Jim and the dog, and Jim's horse was heaving and flecked with foam.

It was about eight o'clock when they arrived, and if you knew the length and toughness of the way you would not doubt that no moment had been wasted that night. Abner and Jim leaped from the buckboard, followed by the leashed bloodhound.

He was not a handsome dog, though I understand he lacked nothing in the way of pedigree. His name was Hector. He was long and lean, with bony hocks and powerful shoulders. His long, pendulous ears seemed to weigh down his head, for it was seldom raised. Deep wrinkles furrowed his brow and jowls, his eyes showed the red haw, and his lips were loose and heavy. In his face there seemed to be writ the sorrows of mankind and the wisdom of the ages.

With but few words of greeting Jim led the dog straight to the Farnsworth place and there asked for the handkerchief we had found. Hector sniffed

at it long and thoughtfully and then, still on the leash, began circling about for the scent. He was not long in finding it, for he knew his business, and presently he set out across the upper pasture, with his nose close to the ground.

It was nothing short of wonderful the way the bloodhound followed that trail, for the feet of men had crossed and recrossed the path many times since Etta had passed that way. But to Hector there was apparently no mistaking the scent of one human foot for that of another. His marvelous nose led him on unerringly, and that instinctive logic that enables his breed to hold to the course no matter how it swerves. Jim Heckley followed close behind with the taut leash in his hand, and Abner and Myron at his side. The rest of us dropped back a bit in order not to worry the dog.

As I watched them on their zigzag course among the rocks and through blueberry-bushes and sweet fern and dwarf junipers, I could visualize the aimless wanderings of poor Etta. Now she seemed to have set out for the sunny slope where the cattle were grazing, and now to be lured off toward the tumbling waters in the Gorge. At times it seemed that she must have paused, and sometimes she retraced her steps for a few yards. I can see her now, seeking wildly to get away from the thing that oppressed her, fearing and yet drawn by

the brooding mountain and the storming brook.

It must have taken her an hour to reach the top of the granite parapet where Hector lost the scent, for it took us fully half that time. The trail led up through a tangle of dead and living branches and coarse shrubbery and then out upon a great gray rock that overhung the brook where it swirled about one of its craziest angles.

At the brink Hector paused and stood gazing down into the gloomy depths. At the foot of the cliff a deep, green pool lay in ominous calm, with only a few slowly revolving bubbles to mar its surface. Just beyond and below it the pointed rocks jutted out, and the rushing waters tore at them with vicious spite and lashed themselves into white foam. I know how Myron Farnsworth's heart must have turned to a lump of ice in his breast, for there was not one of us who did not turn cold with an awful certainty. Not a word was spoken as we stood there, looking down, for there was the end of the trail, there were the ravenous waters. All was silent save the savage discord of the brook and the whining of a fretful wind in the branches.

Then the dog gave a low whine and began sniffing about the deserted rock. His sureness of scent seemed to have deserted him, but he had not given up; he was evidently puzzled and troubled. Then, slowly, he worked his way off toward the northwest,

in the direction of Hardhack Summit. Gradually he seemed to gain confidence and to get his sense of direction, though still frequently baffled by some condition of the trail that he did not understand.

As we entered the wood I turned and looked back toward the overhanging rock where we had all stood a few minutes before, and it seemed to me that some unseen power must have stretched forth a hand and caught back the demented woman from the very brink of death and turned her slowly again to her aimless wandering. It was horribly real to me then, and I did not stop to analyze the feeling. If the powers of darkness and the spirits of the air had suddenly become visible they could scarcely have made their presence more keenly felt.

Every now and then, as we passed through the woods and up the long, rough ascent of Hardhack, Hector would pause, in a confused sort of way, and sniff at something beside the trail. And it was not merely confusion; a sort of fear seemed to trouble him, and his master was forced to urge him on. Then, all at once, he stopped short, his nose glued to the earth, and the hair rose up between his shoulders. He growled a bit, deep down in his chest, and then glanced up in a sidelong, apologetic way at Jim. I saw Abner Guilford bend down to examine the ground and then fall on his hands and knees. He arose and pointed to the spot, and Jim

and Myron knelt and looked. Then they arose, exchanged a look of grave significance, and urged the bloodhound ahead.

My first thought was of wolves, and the picture crossed my mind of a hungry, murderous brute silently following the wandering trail until at last he was close enough to leap upon the unhappy woman. I half expected that we might come suddenly upon bloody evidence, but my reason asserted itself and reassured me. No sheep had been missing from the upper pastures, and wolves had been unknown on Hardhack for a generation or more. It was entirely unlikely that the woods harbored any wild animal bold or famished enough to attack a human being.

When I reached the spot where our advance-guard had paused, I also stopped to examine the ground. There, on a bit of damp moss I saw, clean-cut and unmistakable, the print of a dog's foot, and it was not the foot of Hector. For an instant there flashed before my eyes a vision of the phantom hound as I had seen him that night on Hardhack, loping along against the sky. Then I gritted my teeth and followed.

I cannot understand even now how a frail woman like Etta, even though endowed with the unnatural strength of a mad woman, could have made that laborious climb up Hardhack Hill. For she chose

no easy path but pressed on through thickets and over deadfalls, scrambling down slippery boulders and up treacherous declivities, turning to right or left for no apparent reason, but bearing ever upward toward the summit. And always, if the actions of Hector were to be relied upon, she was accompanied by that other presence that made the bloodhound whine and cower and beg that the hunt be ended.

I doubt if half a dozen of that company had ever before attained the bald summit of Hardhack. I know I never had. We did not approach it till late in the afternoon, so indirect had been our course, and there was not a man of us that was not weak and spent. The trees became stunted and sparse, and the undergrowth dwarfed and tangled. Boulders like uncut marble began to crop out all about us, and then, hard ahead, we saw the edge of the timber and the confusion of whitish rocks that lay at the mountain-top.

Hector dragged back on his leash, but Abner, Jim, and Myron pressed on. As they emerged from the wood upon the rock-strewn ledge, Myron gave a strange sort of cry and stopped short. We hurried to his side and stood there like men petrified, while Hector cowered at our heels.

There she sat on a boulder with a wilted mountain wild flower in her hand, her disheveled hair about her shoulders and her clothing torn to ribbons. The

wildness had gone from her eyes, and in its place we saw a dull, dazed look like that of a half-awakened child. And by her side crouched Roderick, the white hound of John Sanctuary.

He was gaunt and hungry-looking, and his face was that of an older dog than I remembered him to have been; but in the eyes which he turned upon us there glowed the fire of an unconquered spirit.

Myron started forward, but Roderick bared his teeth and snarled savagely. Etta smiled a little and placed her hand on his ugly head, and he looked up into her face with an expression of utter devotion.

I never knew just how they quieted the dog and got Etta home, for nothing could be done until most of us had left and Hector was well down the mountain-side. And glad enough he was to go. Myron and Abner alone stayed to bring Etta away, and I have never heard their story of it. But next day I saw Etta quietly moving about in the door-yard of her father's house with the faithful Roderick following her like a shadow. I gave a low whistle, but the dog never turned his head.

Something uncanny still seemed to hover about the dog, but I suppose it was only the after-impression of the effect which the phantom hound had wrought upon those of us who had seen him, for Roderick appeared to settle down to an entirely normal dog's life with Etta.

What is more remarkable, Etta's life gradually assumed a reasonably normal aspect after that strange experience of hers on the mountain. In deed, she appears to have been cured, or perhaps her malady had spent its force. Myron, at last aroused to the seriousness of the situation, tried to get her to go to a sanitarium, but she would not leave Roderick, nor would Roderick consent for a moment to be separated from her. Then, as I have been told, a specialist was persuaded, by means of I know not what sacrifices, to come from a distant city for the autumn shooting and to give her treatment. What that treatment was I do not know, but it seems to have consisted largely in leaving her alone with the dog. At all events it was effective.

Between those two an astonishingly close companionship has grown up, and about even that there is something not quite human or natural; it is of a piece with the abnormal atmosphere of the place. When they are alone together she may be heard to talk to him as to a person, and few there are who doubt that he answers her in some language that she alone can understand.

I shudder to think what is in store for her when Roderick's declining years are ended and she is left alone again. I trust she will be so fully restored by that time that her mind will stand the shock. For it will be a shock to her, and it is inevitable.

I cannot help fearing that the unearthly look will return again to her eyes and those furtive, fearful glances over her shoulder toward the direful shadow of the frowning mountain with the hideous plague-spot on its brow. And I for one shall be no whit surprised if Two Bridges hears again at night, borne on the unending winds, the fateful baying of the phantom hound of Hardhack.

THE ARMISTICE

THE ARMISTICE[1]

I CANNOT yet see why it was considered necessary or in any way desirable to introduce another member into our household; particularly a loathsome, evil-minded, treacherous, and altogether useless and selfish Cat. We were, to my way of thinking, quite a complete and satisfactory family group as it was. There were Master and Mistress, without whom, of course, no household could be. There was Baby to provide occupation and a necessary object of worship. There was Nurse to look after Baby; there was Cook to feed us all; and there was myself, the Dog, to look after the rest of them and to make the many comforts of the establishment more completely worth while. It was, I think you will agree with me, a well-balanced organization. The addition of the Gray Devil was, to say the least of it, superfluous.

Before the Gray Devil came, the Master and I, I think I may truly say, understood each other perfectly. Each recognized tacitly certain fundamental responsibilities toward the other. If

[1] Copyright, 1921, by Street & Smith Corporation.

Master's health required him to take a walk in the park, it was my acknowledged duty to accompany him. If danger of any sort seemed to threaten, I was there to guard and protect. If his mood demanded silent sympathy, I knew when to lay my head softly on his knee. And Master understood, as well as the less intuitive race can, my physical and spiritual needs. We talked to each other with our eyes, and there grew up between us that sort of telepathy which exists in this world only between a dog and his master.

Of course, I was fortunate in having for Master the one perfect man in the world, the one whose judgment could always be relied upon, the one who could be trusted implicitly. As for myself, I think I was satisfactory, if I do say it. I have heard him say a hundred times that, after all, a wire-haired fox-terrier, with all his failings in the way of overzeal, is the best sort of dog to own, and I think I may be pardoned for taking the remark personally.

Imagine my pained surprise, therefore, when Master not only failed to throw the Gray Devil out of the window or to bid me tear her in pieces, but appeared to accept her intrusion with a sort of amused tolerance. He even affected to admire her and stroked her long, soft, effeminate fur. It was disgusting. And the Gray Devil, brazen hussy that she was, purred loudly, rubbed herself against him

in a vampirish sort of way, and finally leaped into his lap and curled up, her languid lids veiling the wicked gleam in her eyes, and Master so far forgot himself as to stroke her more tenderly and croon to her. I suppose no man is entirely proof against such wiles, and Master is but human. For my own part I turned and stalked haughtily from the room.

I don't know where the Gray Devil came from nor how she got there, but it soon became apparent that she had come to stay. Cook made a bed for her and then fed her out of my dish. I was aghast at the indignity of this desecration, and it was a long time before I would relax in my attitude of proud aloofness toward Cook. You may be sure I would never touch that dish again; they had to get me a new one.

For a while I was forced to accept the situation, but I was only biding my time. I knew more about cats than they did. All my life I had known cats, and I had drunk in hatred of the tribe with my mother's milk. I knew well the sort of viper the family had taken to their bosoms, and I resolved that one member of the family at least should never be caught napping.

I will say that the Gray Devil was shrewd enough to recognize at once the one member of the household that she had reason to fear, but she was pleased to be arrogant rather than timorous about it. She

was a large Cat and a Cat of experience, and I think her fear of me was rather spiritual than physical. And doubtless she counted largely on human protection.

At any rate there was from the first no question between us as to our true relations. She sent me sidelong looks of the most fiendish malice. Her eyes would grow big and her hair stand out when I approached. Sometimes I thought hopefully that she was about to turn and flee, but she never did, and as the days went by she became bolder and more defiant, though she took care not to meet me in any out-of-the-way places.

Her attitude became maddeningly insulting, but what infuriated me the most was the way in which she ingratiated herself in the eyes of the unsuspecting humans. Mistress was sentimentally foolish over her, and as for Master—well, his immortal soul was in danger; that 's the way I looked at it. And Master must be saved at any cost.

I say I was biding my time, but unfortunately I was surprised into action one evening before my plans had matured. The Gray Devil was playful, and I lay in a far corner of the room, as had been my wont of late, and watched with increasing disgust her indecent contortions. On the fur rug before the open fire, which had been my own place in the good old days, she sprawled and rolled most im-

modestly. A frivolous little bell that hung from her collar tinkled in an irritating manner. Mistress stooped down and rolled her over, and the Gray Devil wriggled with sensuous pleasure.

I could not suppress a low growl.

"Sorceress!" I muttered. "Reptile!" And she alone heard me.

Then she lay for a few moments, relaxed luxuriously, her eyes half closed in a voluptuous lethargy, but between the lids I caught a metallic glitter like the firelight reflected in the brass balls of the andirons. She was looking at me, and as she looked her whole being took on the aspect of an infernal sneer. A witch, that is what she seemed, a heathen enchantress, a Gray Devil. I felt myself trembling violently. I could scarcely restrain myself. Then she laughed! The demoniacal laugh of a cat! I was nearly out of my head with the keenness of my desire to slay, but still I cowered in the shadows.

Then she started playing with Mistress's handkerchief, and a wild, mad playing it was. She squirmed, she bit, she flung herself into all manner of wanton shapes. Suddenly she leaped to her feet and dashed across the room with her tail in the air. I took a step forward; I could n't help it. Mistress was delighted with her antics and clapped her hands. And I saw Master lay down his paper and heard him laugh. It was unbearable.

Again the Gray Devil jumped and ran, and as she passed me she turned like lightning and spat full in my face. Madness gripped me at last, the madness that makes one forget all the rules and regulations. In an instant I was after her, my jaws opened to kill.

But the Gray Devil was prepared; she was wily. She dived under a chair and then leaped upon the table; an unheard-of liberty. But I was past all reason now, and I would have followed her through the glass windows themselves if Master's firm hand on my collar had not jerked me abruptly backward. I struggled and clawed the air, snarling and swearing at her, threatening the bloodiest death my fancy could picture, but she, perceiving that I was held fast, crouched there on the table among the books and magazines, tucked her fore paws under her chin, and grinned insolently at me.

I had been vaguely conscious all the time that Master was issuing orders to me, but I had been too furious to heed. Now I became aware of the fact that he was addressing Mistress.

"He can't help it," he was saying. "It's his nature. But he can be taught; he's no fool. He must learn to live peacefully with Fluff." ("Fluff" was the Gray Devil's idiotic name.) "And this is the right time for a lesson."

I knew what a lesson was. I had had a few, but never one that aroused in me such a feeling of out-

raged justice as this one. On the other occasions I had been more or less clearly aware of some infringement of the rules, but now I had only been endeavoring to protect my household and particularly my deluded Master from the insidious machinations of the most unscrupulous adventuress that had ever sought to destroy the peace of a happy family.

Master did not beat hard; he never does. But, oh, the mental anguish of those terrible moments! I would far rather have died at his hand. For there on the hearth-rug lay the green-eyed Gray Devil, grinning at me horribly through the open door.

When it was over I made my way, I know not how, to my bed on the back porch, and for forty-eight hours I would touch neither food nor drink.

It is one of the chief tenets of my faith that the king can do no wrong, and I allowed myself to harbor not the slightest resentment toward my beloved but deluded Master. He would be sorry enough if he could see all that was clear to me. All my animosity was centered upon one object. The Gray Devil I was implacably resolved to slay. Come what might to me, I was determined to rid our once happy home of the menace of her malignant presence. They might kill me, but I would save them.

I now come to the most humiliating part of this history, but the subsequent events would be unintel-

ligible if I did not tell the whole truth of it. For battle was at last joined between us, though, alas, without finality of issue.

There is a small entryway between the kitchen and the back porch, and I came upon the Gray Devil there one day, sniffing suspiciously about the ice-box.

"You sneak!" I cried. "You thieving scoundrel!"

I did not stop for further accusation; the case was clear enough against her, though the ice-box was safe from her depredations. She turned her eyes scornfully upon me, and I shall never forget the baleful glitter in them. No creature, I am convinced, could have eyes like those except through relationship with the powers of darkness. Fear lurked in their depths, but I was chiefly conscious of the uncanny menace with which they challenged me.

Her glance shot furtively here and there in search of a way of escape; but she was cornered, and she knew it. Her back was arched like a camel's, her tail was thrice its normal size, and her very whiskers bristled defiantly. She bared her teeth and hissed like a serpent.

I could stand it no longer. Again the madness seized me. I forgot my lesson and saw red. In an instant I was upon her, my teeth seeking a way through her thick and odorous fur. But she was lithe and quick and marvelously strong. She slipped

between my fore legs, and I turned to pursue.

But she had not fled. Instead she attacked with a fury which knew no limits. The very air seemed filled with huge, furry shapes, darting at me from a dozen directions at once. Her claws sank into my tender nose and barely missed my eyes. They tore my face in bloody, parallel lines. A thousand hornets seemed to sting my head and neck.

I lunged blindly, but to no purpose. My fighting sense—with the deepest mortification I admit it—had deserted me. I was baffled, confused, even terrified. And when at last she trotted off I did not follow, but sat stupidly licking my wounds.

How, pray, can one fight against such supernatural forces? Demons were evidently in league with this Gray Devil. I am no coward, I insist: I have attacked many a dog larger than myself without hesitation, and even men; but what would you?

Thereafter I avoided the Gray Devil. Not that I slunk away from her presence; I simply made no move to resume conflict. We passed like strangers. And I was pleased to observe that the Gray Devil was no more eager than I for another test of strength. She exhibited a wholesome respect for my prowess, though she affected indifference, and beneath her brazen attitude I detected a watchfulness that was not far remote from fear.

This armed truce extended through I know not how many days until it became a sort of settled and recognized condition of the household.

"They will never be friends, I 'm afraid," said Master wisely, and then he spoiled it by adding, "but they seem to have patched up a sort of peace."

Peace, indeed! So long as I live I shall never make my peace with a member of the cat tribe, and what is a treaty of peace to a cat? No, this was simply a watchful waiting, an enforced truce between two armed and unconquered belligerents.

But I 've got to tell you something about the Gray Devil that remains a mystery to me to this day. Spring had come. The snow had melted in the yard, uncovering the bones that I had been unable to bury in the hard earth. The sun was warm, inviting one to outdoor excursions, and a myriad of delectable odors steamed upward from the earth and floated in on the wings of the April breezes.

Nurse had gone away for the day, and Mistress was in charge of Baby. On such occasions it is my duty to remain on guard, no matter how many interesting-looking dogs may pass the house or how many unseen allurements summon. One never knows where danger may lurk, and Baby apparently has not an atom of fight in him.

The sun was shining so warmly on the back porch that Mistress brought Baby out there, tucked him

in his carriage, gave him his rubber doll, and bade him go to sleep. Presently he slumbered, and Mistress stole softly into the house.

"You stay here, Bingo," she whispered to me, "and bark if Baby wakes up or anybody comes."

I wagged my reply and settled down on the top step to watch the street and doze a bit between winks. Everything was quiet, when suddenly I became aware of softly padding footsteps. Instantly I was on the alert. The Gray Devil was stalking across the piazza with that stealthy tread of hers. I growled a little warning, but she scarcely looked my way. When she reached the baby-carriage she stopped and sniffed inquiringly.

I rose to my feet to be ready for any emergency, but waited until I could be sure that intervention was necessary. To precipitate an uncalled-for attack, I knew, would waken Baby and cause unnecessary trouble.

The Gray Devil raised herself on her hind legs, placed her fore feet on the wheel of the carriage, and endeavored to peer in. She seemed so dangerously near to the sleeping Baby that I took a step forward and growled a little. She paid no heed to me whatever; and presently her curiosity appeared to be satisfied, and she dropped back to the floor. Crossing the veranda again, she selected a spot in the sun, spent some time in the vain occupation of wash-

ing her face, and then settled down and began to purr.

Whether she realized that I was there to allow no trifling with Baby's repose, I do not know. At all events, there seemed to be no danger. So I settled down again, albeit I kept one eye pretty constantly on the Gray Devil. Wily as she was, one could never afford to be lulled into a false sense of security.

We lay thus for some time, basking in the warm sunshine, when I became aware of the sense of a new presence. Peering around the corner of the porch, I beheld a strange dog sniffing about the shrubbery and working gradually nearer.

Now, I resent intrusion of this sort on any occasion, and as a rule any dog who enters my yard uninvited is promptly requested to leave in no uncertain terms. But this dog was so huge and tough-looking, with all the bullying insolence of a tramp, that I knew only the most violent language would have any effect on him, and I did not wish to waken Baby. So I merely cleared my throat to attract his attention.

He looked up in an amused sort of way, as though to say, "Well, and whom have we here?" He displayed not a trace of embarrassment at being caught trespassing. Naturally I was greatly irritated, but I restrained myself.

"Pardon me," said I very quietly, rising to my feet, "but perhaps you do not know that this is private property."

"Why, bless my soul!" he exclaimed in mock surprise. "You don't say so!"

"I will ask you to withdraw as quietly as possible," said I, with rigid civility. "And please avoid the newly spaded flower-beds on your way out."

"Thank you for calling my attention to them," said he, looking around. "They appear very inviting."

He leered in an insulting, exasperating manner.

"Come," I cried, losing patience with him, "you 'll have to get out of here."

"Oho, so that 's it?" he replied, coming nearer. His manner had changed, and he took on a truculent, threatening air. He began to look dangerous. He was some sort of low-lived street-dog, I suppose; but sometimes those fellows are nasty fighters, and he had about him a formidable look of strength. He came to the foot of the steps and addressed me in a loud voice.

"Look here," he cried; "you 're a pretty fresh young feller, and I don't like your sort. I usually eat a couple of young snobs like you for my breakfast. I believe I 'll just roll you in the mud to make you look less like a toy poodle and to teach you a lesson in manners."

He placed one paw threateningly on the bottom step, but if he thought mere words would frighten me, he was mistaken. I had Baby to think of, and it seemed to me that here was a real peril. Something must be done.

"Since you mention manners," I retorted, still quietly, "your own are somewhat open to criticism. You are an intruder. Moreover, your voice is too heavy and harsh for polite society. Do you realize that you 're making an unearthly racket around here, and that we wish to keep things quiet for a time?"

"Why, you little prig!" he roared, raising his other fore paw.

"You big, low-born hobo," I growled. "Get out of this yard at once."

No doubt I should have tempered my words, but I was never one to take insults lying down, and I felt my gorge rising. A look of savage ferocity sprang into his eyes; a brutal, murderous look. He snarled, bared his teeth, drew his hideous head between his shoulders, and, crouching, came up another step.

There came a protesting little sound from Baby, and I knew that the disturbance had been too great. The big tramp turned his eyes upward for an instant, and a look of fiendish exultation crossed his face. My heart stood still for a moment. Here was peril, indeed. It made my blood run cold to

think what this beast might do to that helpless, pink Baby in a few minutes. The time for parley had passed, and I knew the hour had come when I must defend my charge with my life if need be.

I realized that this big brute was vastly more than a match for me in fighting-power. He was larger and heavier, and though somewhat ponderous was lean and rangy. His jaws were twice as big as mine. He had doubtless fought his way up from puppyhood and probably had more than one bloody killing to his credit. There was no sign of chivalry or fair play about him. He was the sort that would sooner attack a smaller dog than not.

But on more than one occasion I have won a battle with a larger dog through the sheer fury of my attack, and I knew a trick or two myself. I realized my danger, but I did not flinch. I had the advantage of position, and I was aware of the fact that victory often comes to him who strikes first, if with vigor and determination. A piping little cry from the carriage was all that was needed to spur me to instant action.

With all my force I hurled myself down upon this monstrous enemy of my house, and to such good purpose that I bowled him completely over. I was a bit dazed myself by the impact, but my fighting blood was up, and before he could regain his feet I had him by the throat.

He wore no collar, but a thick mass of dirty hair protected him; and, grind as I might, I could not at once get through to the vital spot.

I had not overestimated his strength. With a tremendous effort and a roar that shook us both, he struggled to his feet. There was a terrific, dislocating shake of his huge head and shoulders, and I went spinning to the ground with a mouthful of foul, bloody hair between my teeth.

I got groggily to my feet, but before I could return to the attack he was upon me. I dodged just in time to save my neck from his terrible jaws, but they closed upon my shoulder. An awful pain went through me, and things began to look dark as they do in the evening. I was paralyzed. My teeth snapped upon thin air. It seemed to me that my hour had come, but that is not what drove despair into my heart. When he had done with me, who would save Baby?

Then, as by a miracle, I felt his grip suddenly relax. He dropped me, limp and half dead, and turned away with a sharp cry of rage and pain. In my ears there rang a high-pitched yell of fiendish fury, such as never came from throat of dog. Something gray flashed swiftly between me and my antagonist, and he rolled over, biting futilely and yelping. The air seemed filled with shrill curses and darting shapes.

Then I dimly beheld the great bully, with his tail between his legs, dashing blindly for the street and emitting yelps of craven terror and physical agony at every leap. And on his back, like a very warlock from the other world, clawing and spitting and frightful of aspect, rode the Gray Devil. Then I think I must have fainted.

When consciousness returned to me I was on the veranda again in the loving arms of my Mistress. She was trying to wipe my hurt and was saying soft, pitying things to me that made me very happy in spite of the ache in my shoulder. I wagged my tail a little to let her know how I felt and tried to lick her hand. There were tears in her eyes, and her voice was very low and trembly. I cast my eye anxiously toward the carriage, and there sat Baby, wide-awake now, laughing and crowing and beating his rubber doll against the side of his throne. And over in the sunny spot sat the Gray Devil, hunched up comfortably as if nothing had happened, her eyes half closed, washing her face.

Well, that was some weeks ago. I won't attempt to philosophize about the thing; that 's rather out of my line. But the strange fact remains that here I am, alive and well, lying on the rug at Master's feet. And close beside me, unbelievably close, lies the Gray Devil, purring contentedly.

As I have often announced, I shall never, as long

as I live, make my peace with a member of the cat tribe, but I must confess that the Gray Devil and I have learned to live quite amicably together under the terms of the armistice. She consents to eat out of my dish with me at times, which is a thing I should not want every one to know. Sometimes she even seems to be making up to me, though I remember to retain my suspicions. I have intrenched myself behind interpretative reservations.

At all events, Master and Mistress seem pleased with the situation, and that 's the main thing.

PALS OF THE SQUAD

PALS OF THE SQUAD

THERE is not a man on the Dog Squad of the New York Police Department who questions the authenticity of the Pete and Vos friendship. Naturalists, I believe, do not recognize the possibility of any attachment between animals which may not be explained as a family or tribal instinct, and will be likely to characterize this tale as Æsopism or nature-faking. Consequently I prefer to shift the responsibility to the broad shoulders of the Force, suggesting merely that naturalists don't know everything about dog psychology and that my friends of the Parkville Station have come to know a great deal. And this may be the exception that proves the rule.

The fact of the friendship is not to be doubted, if the veracity of a score of dog-wise policemen is worth anything. Its origin, however, is rather more a matter of conjecture. Ex-Patrolman Dan Flynn, who was Tom Grant's predecessor in charge of the kennels, has an interesting theory. Dan, I have always felt, is a bit imaginative, but I will give his story for what it is worth.

Dan has reason to remember the advent of Pete,

for the dog, much irritated by recent experiences, and objecting strenuously to being thrust into a wire-fronted pigeonhole in the Parkville stables, nipped Dan rather sharply on the left hand, producing a brief outburst of profanity and a requisition for medical treatment. Thereafter Dan observed his new charge with increased respect and absorbing interest.

Pete, the experts decided, was a full-blooded Airedale terrier of the "outside" type. By that I mean that he bore but slight resemblance to the small, nervous, inbred Airedales that figure at Madison Square Garden in February. He would n't have stood a ghost of a show with the judges, for he was too heavy, his coat was too long and too light-colored, his head was too broad and his muzzle not square enough, and his ears were n't mates. But he could have licked any two bench champions that ever wore the blue. He was rather the type that the English poachers and ratters developed to serve their needs and that may be found to-day in Australia or British Columbia herding sheep, hunting bears, and doing almost everything that a dog may be expected to do.

Still, Pete had to confess to an unknown ancestry. Sergeant Dorlan found him one day in a motley group of mongrels gathered in a round-up of stray dogs in Manhattan.

"There 's the makin's of a police-dog," asserted Dorlan, and by his eloquence he persuaded the inspector that it was so.

Subsequent events have proved the excellence of the sergeant's judgment, but at first Pete appeared less like a police-dog than like a caged hyena. He was the most completely untrained specimen of dog-flesh ever seen in Flatbush, and if Dan Flynn had not naturally loved anything that could run on four legs and bark, there might have been mutiny at the Parkville Station.

The New York police-dogs are not as finely trained as those of Ghent and other European cities. Not as much is asked of them. But they are expected to stick to their official masters, to recognize men in uniforms as friends and all others as possible enemies, to answer at once to the police-whistle or the rap of the night-stick, to hurl themselves upon a man attacking a policeman, to lie still and watch when so commanded, to pursue and throw a fleeing criminal, to search around buildings at night, and to give notice by barking of the presence of persons lurking in the shadows. Pete showed not the slightest inclination to do any of these things. He was distinctly an individualist, and his chief aim in life seemed to be to get out and start something on his own account. It was weeks before he could be allowed off a leash, and months before he seemed to

master the fundamental idea of obedience. But Dan Flynn was patient beyond belief, and he became a stubborn advocate of Pete's intrinsic value in the face of opposition both personal and official. And in the end patience conquered, for when Pete at last began to learn he seemed to grasp the meaning of the whole system at once.

But to return to the beginning of the friendship with Vos. Vos was the one long-haired or Groenendaele dog on the squad and was among the second lot imported by Inspector Wakefield from Belgium. The others were all of the short-haired or wire-haired type of Belgium sheep-dog, though showing considerable variation, from little Marianne (called Mary Ann by the squad), with her wolf-like head and beady eyes, to big, fawn-colored, bull-headed Togo, with his fifty-six pounds of solid bone and muscle.

Vos was a beautiful, glossy black creature, whose thick coat gave him a deceptive appearance of soft gentleness. He was, to be sure, manageable and affectionate in disposition, but beneath the soft fur there was a dog militant, as Patrolman John Leahy can testify. One night when it was John's turn to impersonate a burglar in accordance with Sergeant Dorlan's regular system for keeping the dogs in training, Vos caught him skulking behind a house on Tug Bohlman's beat, and hurled himself at the

suspect's chest to such good purpose that he knocked him sprawling into a cold-frame, and Leahy got a week's sick-leave. But of the exploits of Vos, more anon.

Now Dan Flynn's story has it that the dogs appeared to resent the advent of the quarrelsome Airedale, and with some reason, for the unregenerate Pete displayed an inclination to pick a fuss with each one of the males and was not over-courteous toward those of the opposite sex. When Dan let the dogs out into the street for their brief exercise before dinner he was forced to keep Pete constantly on his leash at a safe distance from the other dogs. Whereupon the men dubbed Pete the "teacher's pet."

"He was like a new bully come into the school," said Dan. "The only way he knew to pick an acquaintance was to pick a row, and the other scholars would have nothing to do with him. Inside him he was lonesome. I believe that. But he did n't know how to get on with the Belgians. And I believe Vos understood Pete was lonesome, too.

"Anyway, one afternoon when I took them out Pete caught me nappin' and jerked the leash out of my hand. In a second he was mixin' it with Togo. I suppose he thought he might as well tackle the biggest first. In a couple of jumps I got my foot on his leash and hauled him off. It was all I could

do to hold him. He had tasted dog and he wanted more. Togo did n't want to quit, either, but he knew me too well to come on, and after swearin' good at Pete he went growlin' back into the stable.

"I never used a whip on any dog, but I thought Pete had something comin' to him. I gave him a couple of swipes with the end of the leash, and he crouched down and cried. It was n't so much that I hurt him, but he felt it was n't fair to be dragged away from an honest scrap and then licked for it. I guess he felt like the whole world was against him.

"Then Vos come up, slow and quiet, without any of the fightin' look in his eye, and I watched to see what he would do. Pete jumped to his feet ready for another round if he got the chance. But Vos did n't growl or circle round like he wanted to start anything. He just came walkin' straight up to Pete. He took a big chance, too, but Vos was equal to that. Pete did n't do anything, either. I guess he was some surprised. Vos just walked up and touched noses with him and trotted off again.

"I don't know what he said to Pete, but it was something, and Pete understood it. He sort o' strained after Vos, whistlin' in his throat."

That was the beginning of it, according to Dan Flynn, and you will have to take his word for it. I myself did n't know the dogs till after Pete had

been pretty well broken in and Tom Grant was in charge of the kennels. By that time the hostility toward Pete had worn itself out. At least, I could n't perceive any special demonstration of it, though Tom says that the other dogs have never quite forgiven him for his early lack of manners. Except Vos. He and Pete are unmistakably pals, and Grant can give you any number of small instances to prove it.

But the real proof came on September 24, 1914, the night of the big adventure that will always have a chapter to itself in the annals of the Dog Squad.

Every one of the patrolmen on the squad boasts of the prowess of his particular dog, and though most of the work is the quiet nightly scouting that has scared most of the burglars and hold-up men out of the 172d Precinct, each has a few treasured tales to relate illustrating the courage and intelligence of his four-footed comrade. Patrolman Mayhew will tell you how his Scratch discovered a fire in a house whose inmates slept. May's forte seems to have been the discovery of freezing inebriates in the snow. Zip's chief claim to fame rests on the fact that he trailed the despoiler of a delicatessen shop by the scent of cheese and led Patrolman Whitwell to the capture. Tug Bohlman tells of the July night when Vos caught two burglars on a porch roof, while the owner of the house, an-

noyed by the dog's racket, fired three wild shots at him. And Patrolman Burt caps the climax with the oft-repeated story of how in 1911 Jack Herts, a colored hold-up man, who had terrorized all Flatbush and had shot two detectives, was at last brought to bay by the sturdy Togo in a lumber-yard, though Herts was armed and Togo muzzled. But they all hand the laurel to Vos and Pete when it comes to upholding the honor of the squad.

When Pete was at last judged fit for duty he was turned over to Patrolman John Leahy. John did not mind. He was, in fact, rather proud of the distinction of being intrusted with the black sheep of the flock. But he certainly had his hands full.

Pete's besetting fault was not a lack of interest in his work, but a tendency to forget the main issue and to wander far afield in search of adventure. It was fortunate for John's dignity that these aberrations occurred in the dead of night when there was no one to see him scrambling over back fences on the trail of an exasperating terrier so engrossed in his own line of scouting that he did not heed the recalling whistle.

Nevertheless, John stoutly maintained, with Tom Grant's stanch support, that Pete was a first-rate police-dog, and needed only an opportunity to prove it. Unfortunately, no such opportunity presented itself on John's beat, Pete's only exploit worthy of

narration being the treeing of the terrified lover of a housemaid on Fourteenth Avenue.

Pete had been an industrious and fairly well-disciplined guardian of the peace for several months when his big chance came, pursuing his back-yard investigations with thoroughness and dash, and keeping for the most part within ready hailing-distance of his patrolman. But on the night of September 24 John Leahy saw him appear suddenly beneath a street-light fifty yards ahead, shoot across the road like an animated rocket, and disappear utterly in the shadows. He responded to neither whistle nor call nor rapping, nor was any sight or sound of him to be discovered in the back yards that John investigated. In fact, he never did return to post that night, and the patrolman had not the slightest inkling of what had happened until he came in sheepishly to the station-house in the morning. But there his humility changed promptly to boastful pride, and he proceeded to take to himself a credit that was quite unwarranted under the circumstances.

The adventure took place on a thinly populated street in the southern part of the precinct on the post next adjoining John's. It was a lonely, extensive, and altogether undesirable beat, and Tug Bohlman had done a lot of grumbling at having been assigned to it. The average big policeman is very much of a child about that; he is ever covetous of

the plums of favoritism that fall into all laps but his, and he has plenty of time to nurse his grievances.

Tug and Vos had been pounding along for half the night, doing their duty and wishing for daylight. As they passed through a cross-street and neared the corner of the avenue, Tug heard a door open at some distance behind him, and the sound of voices and of feet on the wooden steps. Turning, he saw the figures of a man and a woman pass through the gateway to the sidewalk, and then suddenly disappear in darkness as the closing door shut off the stream of yellow light. He waited a moment until the couple appeared again beneath a street-light and then, satisfied that it was all right, spoke to Vos and turned the corner into the avenue.

They had gone perhaps two blocks when Vos began to show signs of evident excitement, whining a little, running to the rear, and returning only when Tug insisted. At length the policeman stopped and faced about. He had too much confidence in the intelligence and the superhuman senses of his comrade to doubt that something was wrong.

"What 's the trouble, Vos?" he asked.

Vos replied by dashing back toward the corner they had turned and then running up to Bohlman again with the evident purpose of urging him to follow. Tug shaded his eyes and peered down the

Avenue. The couple he had seen had not yet appeared at the corner.

"They've stopped to spoon under some tree," said Bohlman. "Come on."

But Vos evidently did not agree with him, and finally the policeman, contrary to his own inclinations, started back toward the corner.

As soon as the dog was sure that his master was following, he dashed out of sight around the corner, and almost immediately sent back the unmistakable announcement of an important discovery. Bohlman quickened his pace, and as he reached the corner he heard the barking change to the snarl of attack, broken by one sharp yelp of pain.

There was evidently some quick action taking place in the darkest spot between two street-lights, and at first the policeman could make out nothing but the swift movement of shadowy forms. He broke into a run, and was soon conscious of five figures—two men upon the ground, a man and a woman by the fence, and the darting, menacing form of Vos.

The events immediately preceding are largely a matter of conjecture. On the station blotter the names of the couple whom Bohlman had seen leaving the house were given as Merton Hawkes and Dorothy Whipple. They had left a friend's house

at a late hour and started for Miss Whipple's home, when they were suddenly attacked from behind.

Now, the hold-up men who had done the job were the first reported in the dog-patrolled precinct for over four months, and they must have been either very desperate, very ignorant, or very clever. The evidence favors the theory of cleverness, and it is likely that the thugs simply followed Tug and Vos, knowing that the safest ground for them would be that just examined by the patrol. Their swift connection with Hawkes and Miss Whipple was doubtless a matter of pure luck.

Hawkes was a smallish chap, and though he started to put up a fight he was soon overpowered, and one of the men with a bit of lead pipe wrapped in burlap put him conclusively out of action in a very short time. The other man at once anticipated the danger of feminine screams by gagging Miss Whipple. She gave rather more trouble than her escort, but the man succeeded in keeping her hands from her hat-pins and at last had her effectively bound. The two footpads were just beginning to go through their respective victims systematically when Vos appeared like a black ball of fury.

The man who was at work on Hawkes started up just in time to catch forty-four pounds of flying dog in the left shoulder. He went down in a swearing heap, and Vos turned his attention to the other man.

He had had a chance to prepare for the attack, and he received Vos with a well-placed kick which temporarily repulsed him and caused the yelp of pain and surprise.

The man had his back against the fence, and Vos found it impossible to dislodge him by frontal attack, so he settled down to a species of active and vociferous investment.

Bohlman ran across the lawns on the opposite side of the street as quietly as possible and then bore down upon the trouble. As he closed in he took a quick survey of the situation in the half-light. He caught a fleeting glimpse of the white face and prostrate form of Hawkes and was conscious of a sentiment of pity for the overmatched stripling. The man at the fence was a tall, wiry, villainous-looking fellow with a derby hat jammed over his eyes. The other, as he rose quickly to meet the new attack, appeared short, stocky, and powerful.

The first apparently having his hands full with Vos, Bohlman turned his attention to the second. The policeman had no time to rap or whistle for help, for as he closed in he caught the gleam of a swiftly drawn revolver.

Bohlman's night-stick swished through the air and caught the man on the wrist of his gun-hand, and the revolver was knocked to the sidewalk. But the ruffian was as quick as he was muscular. In his left

hand he still held his bludgeon, and he swung it so swiftly that it caught Bohlman in the side of the head before he could parry. The big policeman saw stars, but he gritted his teeth, received the second blow on his night-stick, and countered with a sharp rap on his assailant's hard skull. The thug, undaunted, swung again, numbing Bohlman's forearm, and then dived into a clinch.

Tripping over the feet of the prostrate Hawkes, the two combatants fell in struggling confusion to the sidewalk.

Both were a bit groggy from the head-blows they had received, but each was fighting desperately. The policeman, in spite of an aching arm, had the advantage of condition and length of limb, and he managed to squirm on top.

The tall man, meanwhile, had sized up Vos's style of fighting and had perceived that the dog was muzzled. He wrenched a picket from the fence and began beating Vos off. Fortunately he appeared to have no firearms, and Bohlman had managed to kick the other's fallen revolver into the gutter out of sight.

Vos took his punishment with fortitude, albeit there was a new note of desperation in his voice. He continued his threatening dashes, but the man dealt him blow after blow, and the force of his attacks visibly diminished.

Out of the tail of his eye Bohlman, busily engaged in holding his man down and vainly seeking a throttle-hold, saw the tall one working nearer. With two against him he knew he was done for, and he cursed the regulation that provided for the muzzling of all police-dogs on duty. If Vos had had his strong jaws free there would have been a sure and speedy end to the fight.

Miss Whipple, with a courage born of fear, took a tentative step forward as though to take part in the mêlée; but the tall man gave her a brutal shove and sent her crashing back against the fence. Then, with a quick rush, he planted a heavy foot under Vos's jaw and sent the dog sprawling into the gutter. With an oath he fell upon Bohlman, who could only hunch up his shoulders and brace himself to meet the unfair assault.

But Vos was not not done for yet. He gathered himself together, shot across his master, and threw his antagonist backward by the sheer force of his impetus. The latter, in an effort to retain his balance, threw out his arm, and caught Vos by the long hair of his neck. Cursing vehemently, he secured a strangling hold on the dog's collar and groped about for his weapon.

At the first foul blow Vos gave voice to such a despairing, almost human cry of anguish that unwonted tears started to the eyes of big Tug Bohl-

man; and he renewed his efforts with a ferocity that boded ill for his victim if but a few minutes more were granted him. Vos struggled heroically, but he was caught at a disadvantage, and murder was in the hand at his throat.

At that moment, from somewhere out of the shadows, there suddenly appeared, as if shot from a catapult, the bristling form of Pete the Airedale; a bolt of solid muscle and menace, with a snarl of rage in his throat that would have terrified a tiger. There was not an instant's hesitation or indecision in his action, no stopping to study the situation. Straight he plunged at the man bending over poor Vos. His hard leather muzzle struck him squarely in the face with a resounding thud, and the man was knocked sprawling, loosening his grip on both collar and club.

Again and again the Airedale launched his fifty-five pounds at the man's head as he attempted to rise. Then he attacked him with his fore feet, as though to tear out his eyes, until the man lay stunned and bleeding, no longer able to struggle or beg for mercy.

"Watch him, Vos!" cried Bohlman now, panting hard and nearly exhausted. "Come here, Pete!"

The promptness with which Pete abandoned his joyous killing and stepped to Bohlman's side would have amazed his detractors. The stocky man, feel-

ing the policeman's power diminishing, began struggling more violently, but Bohlman succeeded in getting his left hand free and began fumbling with Pete's muzzle.

"We 'll fix 'em now," he muttered.

The man was quick to catch the meaning of this action, and the thought of Pete's muscular jaws and bared fangs struck terror to a heart hitherto undaunted.

"No, no!" he cried. "Don't do that! For God's sake, don't do that! I quit. I give up."

He relaxed completely, and Bohlman, confident of the genuineness of this outburst, rose to his knees and snapped on the handcuffs. Then he leaned weakly against a tree and blew two long blasts on his whistle.

When at last Mayhew and his Scratch appeared on the run, the tall man had recovered his senses but was entirely subdued, Miss Whipple had quietly fainted, Vos lay crying a little and trembling with pain and exhaustion, while Pete stood nuzzling him with every evidence of profound concern.

With both Mayhew and Bohlman as eye-witnesses of this demonstration of personal attachment, and with the interest which Pete unquestionably displayed in Vos's recovery from his injuries, it is not strange that the squad should harbor no doubts as to the reality of the Vos and Pete friendship. I

have heard the theory advanced that Pete's sharp ears had caught the sound of conflict blocks away and that his innate love of a fight brought him to the scene, but you can't tell that to Dan Flynn or Tom Grant or John Leahy or Tug Bohlman or Larry Mayhew. They know that Pete heard his friend's cry of despair and went speeding to his aid.

But the scientists say we should not jump to a general conclusion from a particular instance; so I suppose we have proved nothing, after all.

THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF HOP MING

THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF HOP MING[1]

"I SUSPECT," remarked Grandma Hutton in the vine-shaded seclusion of the belvedere where Cornelia had come upon her, "that you don't want to marry young Ardyce."

Cornelia seated herself complacently on the rustic seat that commanded a wide view of Long Island Sound, and motioned to Hop Ming, her chocolate-colored chow, to leap up beside her. This Hop Ming did with that stiff movement of the hind legs characteristic of the Celestial breed.

"No," replied Cornelia, "I don't."

"Then," said Grandma, lowering her voice to the pitch of clandestine conspiracy, "don't let them wheedle you into it."

A little smile of amusement twitched at the corners of Cornelia's ravishing mouth as she gazed out over the sparkling blue waters.

"There are plenty of other young men in the world, even if they are n't as rich as this Ardyce,"

[1] Copyright, 1921, by Street & Smith Corporation.

continued Grandma. "You 'd better wait till the right one comes along."

Cornelia gave her shoulders a Frenchy little shrug, stroked Hop Ming's head, and then turned her larkspur eyes upon the old lady.

"Don't worry, Grandma," said she. "I don't intend to marry Ardyce. And you know, Grandma, when I— Oh, bother! Here they come now. Well, I suppose I may as well saunter forth and face the music."

It was from Grandma Hutton and also from the late lamented Grandpa, who had laid the secure foundations of the Hutton millions, that Cornelia had inherited the common sense that had thus far kept her out of trouble. Grandma and Grandpa had started life on a peddler's cart, though that fact was not commonly mentioned in Cornelia's social circle. Grandpa had been a shrewd Yankee, and things had come his way. Cornelia's father had fallen heir to the things but not to the shrewdness, while Cornelia's mother confessed that thinking gave her a headache.

Trouble had been predicted for Cornelia ever since, as a golden-haired little hoyden of fourteen, she had ridden King Solomon bareback to the polo-grounds at Meadowbrook. Cornelia was imaginative, she was wilful, and she was hopelessly indulged. But somehow she had always managed to land on

her feet from the first, and the critics were still waiting more or less patiently for the time when they could say, "I told you so."

As to young Ardyce, he had everything in his favor save one essential. He was rich, traveled, good-looking, a splendid dancer, and a living illustration of "what the man should wear." He had many friends and was on the best of terms with himself. Papa and Mama Hutton smiled upon him with parental tenderness, and only Cornelia, the perverse and exasperating Cornelia, refused to be dazzled by the glory of his personality and turned impractical eyes upon a relatively impecunious dental surgeon whom she had happened to save from drowning one day in the Sound and therefore regarded with a sort of fond proprietorship. But so far as this tale is concerned, the dental surgeon remains in the shadowy background. The spotlight falls on Ardyce—and Hop Ming.

The curtain rises on the velvet-green terrace of Hutton Manor lying to the north of the big brick Georgian house (Barlowe & Barlowe, architects) and to the west of the Italian garden (Thomas Mussey, landscape designer), and lying open to the caresses of the cool breezes of the Sound.

Ardyce, tall and commanding, clad in cream-colored flannels, white buckskin shoes, straw hat, silk shirt, and lavender scarf, stands in the center,

his intelligent dark eyes studying the prospect before him.

"By Jove!" he exclaims. "Charming. Like a bit of the Riviera. Positively."

Papa Hutton, standing at his right and just behind his shoulder, twiddles his watch-charm and smiles benignly.

"You would hardly think," says he, "that this was once a tangle of dogwoods and birches. Cost me eight thousand dollars to have it cleared, graded, and made into a lawn."

Mama Hutton, a billowy mountain of reseda silk, beams and says nothing.

Enter Cornelia from the garden, in a short skirt with a broad stripe and a waist that discloses a throat shockingly tanned but otherwise disconcertingly alluring. By her side walks the aristocratic Hop Ming, fluffy-maned, prick-eared, his brush curled tightly over his back, and the characteristic chow scowl between his bright eyes giving him at times a thoughtful and at times a menacing appearance; Hop Ming, twice a champion, possessor of a chest full of silver trophies and blue ribbons, and Miss Cornelia Hutton's latest enthusiasm.

"Ah," quoth Ardyce with a gallantry that perhaps compensated for a certain lack of originality, "beauty and the beast."

Both Cornelia and Hop Ming ignored this somewhat personal remark.

"Watching the boats go by?" asked Cornelia.

"Admiring the wonderful view," corrected Ardyce with just the right suggestion of a bow.

"So this," he continued, regarding the dog, "is the famous Champion Hop Ming. Let's have a look at him. I have a bit of a fancy for good dog-flesh myself. I judged once at a little affair in England, on Lord Hamby's estate; a matter of some nine hundred dogs, exhibited for the benefit of some war charity or other. Let 's take a look at him."

Ardyce assumed the air of a connoisseur and squatted down to examine Hop Ming's points. Hop Ming growled, and a double row of shining teeth appeared between his blue-black lips.

"Better not touch him," warned Cornelia. "He does n't take to strangers."

Ardyce straightened up with involuntary alacrity.

"He 's a queer sort of beast," explained Papa Hutton, apologetically.

"Just a peculiarity of the breed," said Ardyce. "That 's all. I understand them perfectly. I 'll warrant he 's utterly devoted to his charming mistress."

Hop Ming was, as a matter of fact; but he chose

now to stand aloof and reserved while they discussed the approaching show of the Ladies' Kennel Association at Mineola and Hop Ming's chances of winning the President's Cup as best of all breeds. That he would beat all the other chows was a foregone conclusion, though Cornelia admitted that the smoke-blue bitch Lady Alice, owned by the Titsworth Kennels, had been showing up strong.

"Cornelia means to show him herself," said Mama Hutton with a hint of pride mingled with her concern, "though we wish she would n't make herself so prominent with grooms and such."

At last Cornelia, bored to distraction, found an excuse to leave them for a brief respite. With courtly dignity Hop Ming departed with her, walking sedately by her side as befitted a prince of his race, until they were well out of sight. And only Grandma, peering out from the belvedere with twinkling eyes, observed Cornelia break into a run along the bridle-path and disappear like a nymph into the woods with the erstwhile undemonstrative Hop Ming romping wildly by her side.

That night the Merrimans came to dinner with their niece, Miss Newbury. Ardyce, of course, was there; and Albert Tuffcutt, thrice rejected by Cornelia but still in the best of health, came to complete the party. Over the salad the talk turned upon the theft of the Horton diamonds and upon the inef-

ficiency of the police and the private detective bureaus in running the thieves to earth.

"The trouble is," said Tuffcutt, "every clue is given out to the reporters and is published in the papers, and the thieves have every chance in the world to keep ahead of the game."

"They may be false clues, published to throw them off the scent," suggested Miss Newbury.

"Don't you believe it," responded Tuffcutt. "They 're so tickled at inventing a clue that they can't keep still about it. They 'd never have brains enough to work up two sets. What we need is a Sherlock Holmes or a Father Brown."

"That 's right," said Ardyce, who knew nothing of the facts of this particular case but who had remained silent as long as he could. "The professional detective is hampered by tradition. The underworld knows in advance exactly how he is going to proceed and discounts his efforts at every turn. Often it needs the fresh viewpoint of an amateur with brains to straighten out some of these absurd criminal tangles."

Encouraged by a smiling nod from Mama Hutton, Ardyce went on, while Cornelia toyed negligently with her endive.

"The successful solving of such a problem," said Ardyce, "is best accomplished by a straightforward system of inductive reasoning. Collect the facts,

balance the evidence, eliminate one by one all possibilities that do not fit the known facts, and there you are. I remember once in London—"

Ardyce was interrupted in the full swing of his discourse by the sudden entrance of the butler, who, abandoning in his excitement the cat-like glide to which he had been trained, tripped on the Ispahan rug and lurched heavily toward Cornelia.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," he coughed, "but 'Op Ming is missing."

Cornelia leaped to her feet, and the entire company arose in sympathy.

"Missing?" cried Cornelia. "Why, what do you mean, Peters?"

"'E 's gone, Miss. Wanished. Robbins left the kennels for some 'ot water for the lame one, and when he got back 'Op Ming was gone. 'Unted the place all over, 'e did, Miss, and nary 'ide nor 'air did 'e find of the dog."

"Stolen, undoubtedly," said Merriman.

Now, Papa Hutton did not love Hop Ming, but he had paid a cool two thousand dollars for the dog, and his face turned a pallid magenta. Mama Hutton gasped and sent for her maid. Miss Newbury, who had never met Hop Ming, swayed where she stood and sought the support of Albert Tuffcutt's strong right arm. Only Cornelia appeared to retain her composure.

"Ardyce," cried Papa thickly, "will you telephone to the police and get hold of some detective bureau or other? I can't. Get 'em on the job at once."

"Hold your horses, Dad," broke in Cornelia, who was occasionally known to lapse into vulgar expressions in moments of stress. "Let 's look into this first. Is Robbins outside, Peters?"

"Yes, Miss," replied the butler.

"Send him in here."

Then to the front of the stage stepped Ardyce, cool and commanding, with a little smile of confidence on his finely chiseled lips. Something told him his chance had come.

"Quite right, Miss Hutton," said he. "Let 's get at the facts. It is quite possible that calling in professional assistance will prove unnecessary. Have you any objection to my handling this case, Mr. Hutton?"

"Not at all," said Papa, "if you can get that two-thousand-dollar Chinese dog back."

Cornelia remained in the room during a part of Ardyce's close questioning of the kennel-man; long enough to learn that Robbins knew virtually nothing more than had already been disclosed by the agitated butler. Then she softly slipped out and made her way to the kennels. There she found a small boy named Micky who in some unaccountable manner had slipped into a position as assistant to Rob-

bins and personal friend of Cornelia and Hop Ming.

"What do you know about this, Micky?" asked his mistress.

"Nothin'," said he. "But we might look about a bit."

Together they examined the premises and discussed the situation, and then:

"We should worry, Micky," said Cornelia.

"Sure," said he, with a grin. "We should worry."

Cornelia returned to the spacious Hepplewhite dining-room (Le Baron, interior decorator) to find Robbins wild-eyed and perspiring under the third-degree inquisition of Ardyce. He turned appealing eyes upon her.

"Oh, cut this out, Mr. Ardyce," commanded Cornelia. "Robbins has n't got Hop Ming. Let him alone."

"Very well, Robbins, you may go," said Ardyce, who had, as a matter of fact, exhausted his line of questions without any helpful results.

Then he beckoned the company back to the table.

"I am not yet prepared to disclose my deductions," said he, "but certain facts are obvious. The dog is valuable and worth stealing. He was in the custody of this man Robbins, who may or may not be guilty. It would be a comparatively easy matter for any one of the servants to act as an in-

side accomplice of an outside thief. My advice would be to hold the servants all under strict surveillance, intercepting all communications with the outside world, until means have been found to force a confession."

"Rot," said Cornelia, on whose rounded cheeks two red spots flashed a danger-signal. "You 'll do nothing of the kind. Hop Ming is my dog, and Robbins is my man, and I 'll thank you to leave him alone."

The conversation that followed left no doubt in anybody's mind that Cornelia was inflexible in her determination to protect the servants from insult; and Ardyce, whose desire to please her quite outweighed any concern he felt for Hop Ming's fate, gradually subsided.

"Anyway," said he, "the time is not yet ripe for action. I must accumulate all the facts. If you will have my motor called, I think I will begin my study of the case this evening."

Cornelia squared things with Robbins out in the kennels, and Ardyce started out on another tack. During the following day no word came of Hop Ming, though "Lost, strayed, or stolen" placards had been widely posted, offering a princely reward for the return of the missing champion in time to enter him in the Mineola show. All day long Papa Hutton fumed and fretted, and Mama Hutton went

to bed with a headache. Grandma sought the seclusion of the garden, and Cornelia spent the day on the Sound in her motor-boat. Hutton Manor was not a pleasant place to be in, for all its expensive luxury.

In the evening Ardyce reappeared, with a smile of confidence again ornamenting his dark, handsome face. Cornelia brought herself to receive him.

"For God's sake, tell us what you know," begged Papa Hutton, in his agitation handing his guest a fountain-pen by mistake for a cigar.

Ardyce languidly dropped into a chair in the loggia.

"I have not been idle," said he, "and though I cannot as yet produce the missing canine, I think I can safely assert that I am on his trail."

Cornelia sniffed impatiently, but Ardyce was not perturbed.

"I will tell you enough to indicate my line of procedure," he said. "More than that I cannot do at this time. Let us first state certain facts, and I think the deductions will be obvious even to the dullest—er—to all of us. Hop Ming is missing. That means, strayed or stolen. Now a two-thousand-dollar dog with a five-hundred-dollar reward offered for him does not wander at large through the streets of Garden City or Oyster Bay.

He must be detained somewhere. But no one has claimed the reward, so he is probably not being held for that. I trust the clear logic of this reasoning will be evident as I proceed. Leaving out of the question for the present the possible complicity of one or more of the servants, it seems clear that some person or persons unknown have stolen or kidnapped the dog. Now the motive. Hop Ming is valuable, but he is practically worthless as a negotiable commodity. No one knowing his value would be ignorant as to his ownership. In other words, it would be practically impossible to find a purchaser for him. He has therefore not been stolen to be sold, nor merely in the hope of securing a reward. My belief is that he is being held for another purpose."

Ardyce nonchalantly flicked the ashes from his cigarette and cleared his throat with an air of sublime self-appreciation.

"Now," he continued, "is there any one who would desire to have Hop Ming kept out of the way for a reason? Assuredly. If Hop Ming is missing from the benches next week in Mineola, Lady Alice will take first honors. Or there may be other interested and hopeful competitors. There you have the only motive for Hop Ming's abduction that will bear the light of minute inspection and analysis. Now, this does not necessarily throw suspicion on

the Titsworth Kennels; and probably, even if they had instigated the theft, they have acted with shrewd circumspection and no evidence could be found sufficient to convict. Still, I intend to proceed along certain lines that appear clear to me, and if I cannot run Hop Ming to earth, I think I can at least bring about a situation that will force his return. Or if not that," he added, casting an anchor to windward, "I am confident that the voluntary reappearance of Hop Ming after the Mineola show will prove the correctness of my theory."

Papa Hutton heaved a husky sigh.

"Well, if we get him back safe and sound, that 's all I ask," said he.

"But it 's not all I ask," asserted Cornelia calmly. "I want to show Hop Ming at Mineola next week, and I intend to show him, and I have a hunch that he will be shown without any assistance whatever from Mr. Sherlock Holmes Ardyce."

Ardyce smiled and gracefully lighted another cigarette.

"I presume it is unnecessary for me to suggest," he remarked, "that nothing of what I have told you be given to the reporters at present.

"Quite unnecessary, so far as I am concerned," said Cornelia, and Grandma coughed.

It must be admitted that Cornelia was a bit upset by this theory of kidnapping. There was certainly

an element of plausibility in it. She had her own theory, formed during her interview with Micky, but it was based rather upon what she knew of Hop Ming than upon any very tangible evidence. She continued to scout the idea that Robbins was in any way implicated, but there was a new man about the stables that she did n't like the looks of. She discounted the theory that the Titsworth Kennels might be involved, on the ground that Lady Alice, being of the opposite sex from Hop Ming, was not a direct competitor of his in the chow classes. But there were one or two young male dogs that had been making a stir in the fancy, whose owners might conceivably be interested in the elimination of Hop Ming from the race, while a dozen dogs of different breeds were expected to compete for the President's Cup. It was all very disconcerting, but Cornelia stubbornly refused to be guided by Ardyce, who continued to bide his time with that maddening smile of his.

The Mineola show was to open on Wednesday. All day Monday and Tuesday reward-hunting men and boys called at Hutton Manor with dogs of high and low degree, including many that resembled Hop Ming in not the remotest particular. One of them was the rising young chow Mandarin, which had obviously been stolen for the purpose. Mandarin's owner was notified, and the man who had brought

the dog abruptly vanished. But no authentic word of Hop Ming came to the ears of the now distracted Cornelia.

During the afternoon of Tuesday Ardyce telephoned that he would be over to dinner, intimating that he had portentous news to disclose. When he came he was pleased to maintain a cryptic silence until the meal was well under way. Then Papa Hutton could stand the suspense no longer.

"Ardyce," said he, "if you don't open up I shall burst."

"Well," said the amateur detective, "you know, of course, that these matters cannot be hurried without danger of spoiling everything, but I think I may safely tell you that I have located Hop Ming."

"How clever!" gasped Mama Hutton.

"Well, where is he?" demanded Papa.

"Oh, he is n't tied out on the lawn; things have n't progressed quite far enough for that," said Ardyce. "But I have narrowed the chase down to a single locality where I am having several suspects watched. Hop Ming is in Westbury."

This astounding revelation had the desired effect upon Papa and Mama Hutton, but Grandma and Cornelia reacted but dully to it.

"Will you kindly pass the olives," said Grandma to Ardyce, for she constantly forgot the presence of the butler.

"How do you know he's in Westbury?" demanded Cornelia.

"He has been seen there," said Ardyce.

"Who by?" asked Cornelia ungrammatically but insistently.

"By several persons whose veracity I have no reason to doubt. It is a matter of cumulative evidence. In the course of my investigations I have run down several false clues of this sort, but at last I struck the right one, and I assert without hesitation that Hop Ming is in Westbury. As to producing him in time for the show to-morrow, that is another matter. But I have hopes of bringing the culprit to account, and I am confident that the dog will eventually be returned. Now, in cases of this kind it is necessary to consider—"

Ardyce's speech was cut ruthlessly short by the informal and unheralded appearance of Robbins, who burst though the swinging doors at the end of the long room with his cap in his hand and a broad grin on his face.

"Robbins!" gasped Mama, horrified.

"What is it, Robbins?" cried Cornelia.

"Hop Ming is here," announced the kennel-man.

"Where?" roared Papa, rising so precipitately that his Hepplewhite chair went crashing to the floor. "Where is he?"

There came a sound of scratching claws on the

polished floor without, and Hop Ming bounded in, his fine coat muddy and disheveled.

"Hoppy!" cried Cornelia, and the dog dashed up to her and placed his dirty paws on her new gown. Cornelia gathered him in her arms and kissed him.

"Oh, Hoppy!" she cried. "You 're back again. It was n't the President's Cup I cared for, nor Papa's two thousand dollars; it was you, you dear, bad boy. Where in the world have you been?"

Hop Ming stood off a bit and leered at her wisely, as who should say: "Oh, boy! I 've had a time! You 've no idea!" Then he turned and trotted back to the door. He whined imperiously, and Robbins opened the door to admit the dirtiest, raggedest mongrel brown terrier that ever escaped the dog-catchers.

Mama Hutton shrieked, and Papa made a futile and undignified attempt to sit down on his over-turned chair.

"Take that awful creature out!" cried Mama, but Cornelia interposed a restraining hand.

As proudly as though he were introducing a count, Hop Ming led the disreputable stranger straight to his mistress, and the mongrel advanced with a certain sang-froid that indicated indifference to the gorgeousness of his surroundings and the formalities of a Hepplewhite dining-room. He was

bright-eyed and alert, with the face of a shrewd but wicked urchin, and Hop Ming introduced him with a proud flourish.

"This is my new friend from Westbury," he seemed to say. "We 've had a gorgeous time together, and he has taught me more delicious deviltry than I ever thought existed."

"Hop Ming," cried Cornelia, "you were n't stolen at all. You ran away, just as Micky said, and you got into bad company. I ought to whip you."

Hop Ming only waved his handsome tail blithely.

"But you 're back again, and in time for the show. Robbins, take him out and give him a bath and see if you can get him in shape by to-morrow. The rascal!"

"Here, you, get out!" This from Ardyce, who had been maintaining a silence strange to him. His remark was addressed to the brown terrier, who had approached him with outstretched, sniffing muzzle.

"Yes, put him out, Peters," growled Papa Hutton. "Where in thunder did he drop from, anyway?"

The butler took a hesitating step toward the collarless vagabond, who stood doubtfully on three feet, looking around for the vanished Hop Ming. But Grandma interposed her not inconsiderable person,

and, stooping down, patted the dog on the head. The terrier wagged his tail violently and emitted a piercing yelp of pure joy.

"My land!" cried Mama with a start.

"Just a peculiarity of the breed," murmured Grandma.

"But where did he come from? That 's what I want to know," repeated Papa.

"Oh, Papa, do show a glimmer," admonished the disrespectful Cornelia. "He 's the criminal that kidnapped Hop Ming and took him to Westbury. Ask Mr. Ardyce." But Ardyce had retired to a quiet corner of the room.

"Hop Ming," said Grandma, "is an exponent of democracy in spite of his noble birth."

All of which passed well over Mama's coiffured head. She merely sat and looked dazed. But Papa demanded action.

"Well, what are we going to do with him?" he inquired with bitter sarcasm. "Enter him in the Mineola show?"

"I have n't decided what to do with him, yet," responded Cornelia, who was now petting the stranger and throwing him into paroxysms of delight. "But he 's Hop Ming's chosen friend, and he shall be dealt with kindly. Besides, he 's smart as a whip. See his bright eyes, and think how he fooled the detectives." She shot an arch glance at

the now thoroughly disconcerted Ardyce, and burst into a peal of silvery laughter which set the dog barking in sympathy.

Grandma bent down and spoke to Cornelia under cover of the racket.

"He might make a good dog for a dentist," she suggested.

Cornelia darted at her a glance of grateful comprehension. Then, passing Ardyce without a look, she led the prancing terrier out to the kennels, where the aristocratic Hop Ming awaited his coming with frantic impatience.

HEZEKIAH

HEZEKIAH

I HAVE N'T the slightest idea why Henry Perkins named him Hezekiah, and anyway, his christening does not enter into this story. It is a very short story about a very small dog. And perhaps it is n't a very significant story, unless you can read between the lines.

Henry found him on the main street of the New England city where Henry's father was the leading clothier. He was a forlorn and bedraggled specimen of the canine race, and his every action indicated fear of man—or boy. Where he came from I do not know, and I am glad to say that I do not know what inhumane treatment he had suffered. I only know that the dog laws of that city are strict, and an untimely fate certainly would have befallen Hezekiah if Henry had not picked him up.

The picking up was not altogether easy. In the first place, Henry's mother objected strenuously, for Hezekiah was obviously dirty and doubtless harbored germs. In the second place, Hezekiah did not wish to be picked up. Very likely such picking up as he had experienced in the past had not left a happy memory. But Henry persisted, and his

mother and Hezekiah yielded to his entreaties almost simultaneously. Gradually the puppy sidled up to Henry's outstretched hand, sniffed of it, backed away, and at last permitted a small hand to be placed gently on his head. After that the picking up was easy, and Hezekiah's tremors of fear gave place to a squirming ecstasy of joy, in which a small pink tongue played a prominent part.

He was mostly toy poodle, I fancy, for so he appeared after certain duties of the toilet had been attended to. He differed in some material aspects from the barbered poodles which grace the automobiles on the avenue. He lacked their perfection of form and aristocratic bearing. Also, his eyes were brighter and more eloquent than theirs.

So Hezekiah became a prominent member of the Perkins household, and with proper feeding and much loving he developed into the smartest little tike in town. And devoted to his young master? It was a case of "till death us do part" with them.

When August came and the Perkins family went into the country, Hezekiah was, of course, taken along. The surroundings of a farm were strange to him, and he appeared to doubt the friendliness of horses and cows and chickens, but he soon made himself at home. It was the water that puzzled him most—the brook that flowed through the meadow, and the pond half a mile away. Probably

he had never seen water in such quantities before; it was something outside his experience. When Henry went fishing in the brook Hezekiah would lie on the bank and study the ripples. I wonder what thoughts were revolving in that fluffy little head of his.

But the climax came when Henry's father took him swimming in the pond. When Henry waded in, Hezekiah stood on the bank, barking anxiously. When Henry ducked, Hezekiah was beside himself. Henry's father says that the dog showed as plainly as though he could speak that he thought his master was in danger.

At last, when Henry began to swim out toward the middle of the pond, Hezekiah could stand it no longer. He had never been in deep water before, but he plunged in unquestioningly, and after a few awkward efforts he discovered his ability to swim. He paddled straight out to his young master and, when he reached him, seized his bathing jersey in his little teeth and began to tug in the direction of shore. Henry's father says it was very laughable to watch his puny efforts to rescue the boy, but there was something affecting about it, too.

At last, fearing the dog would exhaust himself, Mr. Perkins waded out and brought them both to shore. On the bank Hezekiah nearly went insane over the safe return of his beloved master from

peril, and he did his best to show his gratitude to Mr. Perkins for coming to the rescue.

As I have said, this is n't much of a story unless you can read between the lines. But suppose Henry had been in real danger, and suppose Hezekiah had been a large dog. Then I should have had a different tale to tell, and Hezekiah's name would have been added to the long list of canine heroes that glorify the pages of history. But Hezekiah was little and Henry was in no danger, and so it was all taken as a joke, except by those who understood the courage that had sent the dog into an unknown and terrifying element, taking no thought for his own safety, to do what he could to save his master's life. For my part, I say that Hezekiah was no less of a hero than some of those grand dogs who wear medals, and he has proved to me that devotion and fidelity may be bred in the breasts of little mongrels of the streets as well as of fine dogs born in costly kennels. It is the dog heart and not the pedigree that counts, and the next time I run across a poor, stray, frightened pup, looking as useless and forlorn as any creature can look, I shall say, "There goes a potential hero," and I shall see what can be done for him.

THE DOG DOCTOR

THE DOG DOCTOR

I

HORACE BARNABY was more grieved than surprised when Juliet Whitman rejected his proffer of the tenderest male heart on Long Island. It was inevitable in the nature of things. Also it was the customary outcome of Horace's venturings into the alluring fields of romance. To understand which you must know Horace.

Fortune had not favored Horace with a commanding personality. If there lurked somewhere within him a sort of charm, it was buried beyond the penetration of the casual eye. Shyness and diffidence were perhaps accountable for that, but a strict adherence to truth compels the admission that he was not physically impressive. His figure was, to be photographically exact, a bit pudgy. He habitually wore old-fashioned gold-rimmed spectacles with small lenses, over which his black eyes peered with a myopic wistfulness.

In this unprepossessing body a whimsical nature had seen fit to lodge the soul of a poet and a

dreamer. Horace was born to yearn for the unattainable, to feel his soul groping upward toward Elysian heights which it could never reach. Always it hovered just below something strangely beautiful and expansive. And upon this incongruous mixture fortune and the trustees of a Mid-Western university had bestowed the degree of D.V.S. Wherefore he was known to his fellow-men as Doc Barnaby.

First an infant who learned to walk at the age of three. Then a small boy who played with girls, could never throw a ball, and wept with astonishing ease, but who amazed his uncomprehending parents by unexpectedly reciting the "Ode to a Grecian Urn" one day and who played Mendelssohn on a tin whistle. Then the youth who somehow managed to struggle through mathematics and, by reason of his proficiency in studies of a literary nature, was admitted to college.

Horace entered college as the class freak and graduated without much alteration in his status, though he distinguished himself by playing the clarinet divinely in the mandolin club and by writing the book and music of a musical comedy of such sweetness and strength that it is still remembered by many who have forgotten Horace. Because of his natural tenderness toward all animals and because of his discovery that they reciprocated his affections more

readily than did his human fellows, he consecrated his life to their welfare and fitted himself for the not entirely poetic profession of veterinary surgery. And in this connection he should in fairness be credited with a manual skill which abetted his kindness of heart. Horace Barnaby became the best cow doctor the college had ever graduated.

Now you know Horace, and after a brief reference to his leading weakness we may proceed with our story. Horace fell in love with extraordinary facility and lack of judgment. Cupid early marked him for sacrifice.

His first serious affair developed during his sophomore year, when it was borne in upon him that the innocence of the young lady who served ice-cream and soda at the corner drug store was being mocked and imposed upon by his fellow collegians. She was red-lipped and quick-witted and was known universally as Sadie. The disrespectful banter to which she was daily subjected hurt Horace, and he patiently waited his chance to extend to her the sympathy he felt her maiden soul must crave. The chance took him unawares, and he offered her his lifelong protection. But Sadie only laughed and slyly added salt to his strawberry soda, and Horace's romance was crushed at its blossoming.

The next was a maid of forty-odd who assisted in the college library and was subject to headaches.

Her headaches rather than her beauty won Horace's susceptible heart, but he was again scorned. The third was the president's lovely daughter. But further multiplication of instances is unnecessary, except, perhaps, to prove that Horace's malady was incurable.

It did not abate when he took his degree and journeyed to Glendale, Long Island, to begin the practice of his profession, though for a time it lay dormant. His selection of Glendale was attributable to no known cause, but it proved to be fortunate for Horace. Glendale stood at the center of a section of country in which lowly farmers and the estates of great gentlemen combined to furnish patients for Doc Barnaby's skill, the two vets already in the place having long since forfeited all claim to confidence. For once fortune smiled on Horace, and he soon found himself engaged in an extensive and not unlucrative practice, which at once kept him busy and relieved his improvident nature of all cause for worry. He prospered. He rented a house on Willow Street, a little house, in which he lived alone, sweeping his own rooms and getting his own meals, after one or two baffling experiences with Glendale's highly sophisticated domestic labor. He cooked, ate, slept, and played his clarinet on the second floor. On the first floor was his office in front, while dining-room and kitchen were trans-

formed into a clinic and hospital for the smaller pets of the gentry.

Female servants did not like Horace; female cattle did. He could do anything with a cow. And he was no less successful with horses. All animals, in his eyes, had delicate nervous systems, a capacity for pain and gratitude, souls. They responded to his touch as I once saw a dying geranium respond to the touch of a blind old lady. There was some kinship there, some bridging of the gap which exists between us and the rest of creation. Horace loved them. And because he loved them and his work, and had some moments of leisure in which to play the clarinet, he was content. He was sublimely unconscious of the fact that the social status of Doc Barnaby was not the same as that of Dr. Newton the physician, or even that of Dr. Pruyn the dentist. He did not realize that caste may be established by the letters after one's name. Indeed, he had never before been treated with a consideration so much like honor by his fellow-men. And though he had become inured to the humiliating feeling that he was something outside the circle of human fellowship, this treatment of him in Glendale was soothingly grateful to his sensitive soul. Until the eyes and voice of Juliet Whitman bewitched him he was happy.

Juliet's father was one of Doc Barnaby's wealthier clients. He was known in the neighborhood as

Squire Whitman because of his resemblance to the popular conception of an English country gentleman of the old school. Not so coarse nor so choleric as a Squire Western perhaps, but somewhat of that temper. A widower of fifty-eight, he was hale, hearty, and florid, and though he doubtless loved his daughter more than he loved 'is 'orses and 'is 'ounds, it must be confessed that their education had received rather more of his personal attention than had hers. Juliet had grown up to act largely on her own initiative.

Doc Barnaby had cured Adolphus, Squire Whitman's roan hunter, of a stubborn attack of strangles. Then, when the bay mare Electra had fallen ill of a colic, Horace and the Squire had spent the greater part of a night over her until her pain departed. And during those anxious hours the lines of caste and wealth had been obliterated and Horace and the Squire had become comrades of a sort. The Squire, indeed, possessed class-consciousness to no very marked degree. That was one of the things that had worried the late Mrs. Whitman and had perhaps contributed to a premature decline.

Consequently Doc Barnaby was invited to dinner at Cedar Knob, and consequently he fell promptly and thoroughly in love with Miss Juliet. Cupid had allowed him a respite during his first months in Glendale, but the fire, ever smoldering in his breast,

needed but the fuel of Juliet's beauty and the breath of her breezy personality to cause it to burst into a new and more ardent flame. And this, Horace realized with a sensation akin to panic, was genuine love. The previous objects of his devotion had been oddly compounded with idealistic fancy; Juliet, by common consent, was a ravishing reality.

"Father," said Juliet, "don't force the Sauterne on Dr. Barnaby. He does n't want it, and it 's bad form."

"It won't hurt him," said the Squire.

"It might," said Juliet, appraising him critically. "You can't tell."

Horace blushed under her scrutiny, but his heart warmed in gratitude toward her. He did earnestly desire to avoid the Sauterne without offending his host. He regarded her more attentively as she daintily but not unappreciatively partook of her ice-cream, and he was overwhelmed by the conviction that since it was indeed true that such creatures existed on this planet, life without the companionship of one of them was, in spite of the affection of cows and horses, scarce worth the living.

Juliet was clothed in a clinging thing of pale-green satin that made Horace gasp, not so much on its own account as because of what it revealed; and when, after the coffee, she took a seat close beside him on the davenport in the library, he was

seized with a convulsive tremor which found vent in an unannounced hiccup.

"I beg your pardon," stammered Horace, in a glow of confusion. But Juliet ignored the hiccup. She held in her hand two photographs.

"This," said she, extending one of them, "is a picture of the Pomeranian Brown Betty that took winners at Mineola."

Horace was gazing at her arm.

"And this," she continued, "is my Sylvia, who got reserve. Now I wish you 'd tell me why. You know all about dogs. Don't you think Sylvia is far handsomer than Brown Betty?"

Horace did know all about the anatomy of dogs, but of show points he was comparatively ignorant.

"Yours looks the healthier of the two," said he, gazing through a sort of mist at the two photographs.

"That's the coat," said Juliet. "I thought you 'd agree with me. Those judges were bone-heads."

"Bone-heads," echoed Horace in a voice that seemed to come from a great distance.

Involuntarily his eyes traveled slowly upward until they rested for a moment on her face, so marvelously close to his. She was gazing at him with the oddest sort of smile. Juliet had, in vulgar parlance, got his number. His eyes, meeting hers for

the fraction of a second, dropped in embarrassment to her satin slipper.

In his room that night Horace Barnaby sat with his unplayed clarinet across his knees and dreamed despairingly of Olympus and Arcadia and the Hesperides.

Let us not examine too closely into Juliet's motives lest we unfairly rob her of some portion of that bright angelic aura with which Horace and I have surrounded her. Suffice it to say that she permitted, perhaps encouraged, his humble courtship. Acting somehow the rôle of spectator, she appeared to enjoy the contemplation of his unique methods of wooing. A nymph may not scorn the honest adoration of a satyr. And perhaps there was something in Horace that Juliet liked. I am inclined to think so. Her tastes were not conventional. As for Squire Whitman, he did not notice. Yet Juliet took no trouble to conceal a growing intimacy which in some quarters caused smiles. It was not long before she was calling him Docky. Thus encouraged, Horace sped blindly on to his doom.

It was on a humid August morning that the sad climax came. Horace was getting into his flivver in front of his house when Juliet, clad in something white and cool and short, appeared sauntering languidly home from the post-office.

"Hello, Docky," she called. "Where going?"

"Out to Mr. Brinton's," said Horace. "One of his registered Holsteins has got milk-fever."

Juliet placed her Cinderella on the running-board.

"Take me," she commanded. "I 'm bored stiff at home."

Horace's heart set up a tremendous thumping as he opened the door for her and then, reaching across her, closed it. Surely, this must be a dream occasioned by an accumulation of suppressed desires. Soon they were humming along the smooth road across the Long Island prairie.

"Docky," said Juliet, "what 's milk-fever?"

Horace was visibly embarrassed.

"Why, you see," he tried to explain, "when a very heavy milker calves, sometimes— But I guess it 's pretty technical, Miss Whitman."

Juliet's silvery laugh rippled out upon the heavy air.

"Docky," said she, "in this present age of aggressive frankness your refinement is refreshing."

Horace did not know how to answer. Sometimes he wondered if she were pleased to make sport of him.

"May I watch?" she asked, as they drew up before the great Brinton dairy-barn.

"Why," hesitated Horace, "I guess you 'd better not. It 's rather dirty, you know."

"But I thought Mr. Brinton's barn was kept as clean as a hospital ward. I 've always heard so."

"Well, I mean the things I have to do and all."

With unexpected docility Juliet remained seated in the flivver, which Horace ran into the shade, while he took out his little black bag, doffed his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and strode into the barn with a certain businesslike assurance that she had not commonly noticed in him.

Deftly, gently, surely he performed the offices for which he had been summoned, and a grateful cow, her agony relieved, turned great limpid eyes upon him. Horace stepped forward in her stall and, placing his arm about her neck, scratched her between the horns and spoke to her in a low voice. And this particular cow was one that men did not usually see fit to take liberties with.

As Horace emerged from the stall he thought he caught sight of a white skirt and a silk stocking disappearing through the barn door, but after he had washed his hands at the barn tap and rolled down his sleeves, he found Juliet sitting as he had left her.

"Why do you put on your coat?" she asked in a tone unusually gentle. "It 's so hot, and I don't mind."

The faint aroma of stables which clung perpetually about Horace was now noticeably accen-

tuated, but Juliet did not draw away from him. Possibly the scent of violets which she exuded counteracted it. They were both silent until the Brinton place was well behind them, when Juliet spoke.

"I 'm going to confess, Docky," said she. "I sneaked into the barn and watched. I was curious to see what you do when you doctor cows. Now I know, and I think, Docky, that you 're the gentlest, sweetest-natured man I ever knew."

It was too much for Horace. Instinctively he throttled his engine so that it would not leap wildly off the highway, and then he poured out his burning soul to her. She was adorable. She was an angel. God had never before fashioned such a woman since Eve left Eden. From the depths of his great unworthiness he loved her as no man had loved since the fall of Troy. Without her he was the most miserable of mortals. She was gracious, she was kind, she was angelic; could she, then, look upon him with favor? Might he hope—

In his rhetorical ardor he forgot his humility for a moment and gazed straight into her eyes. The merriment which he met there silenced him abruptly. But he listened in vain for her laughter. The thing she had seen in his eyes softened, perhaps awed, her. She laid her hand gently on his sleeve.

"No, Horace," said she, using his given name for

the first time. "It can't be. Sometime perhaps I'll think how to tell you the reason. I can't to-day."

Back to normal for Horace. He sighed prodigiously and then speeded up his engine. He accepted her words as final. Neither spoke until they reached Cedar Knob.

"Don't come up the drive," said she. "I 'd rather get out here. And Docky—thank you. I 'm sorry." A flash of white, and she was gone behind the shrubbery.

2

Enter Wishbone, a very youthful, very sweet-tempered little dog of confused lineage. Yellow and white he was, and his coat was very soft to the touch, particularly on the top of his wise little head. Youth gave him playful, engaging manners, and nature had endowed him with bright, appealing, unsuspicious brown eyes. His one noteworthy accomplishment was musical and was not the result of education. Wishbone could sing. Properly encouraged in falsetto, Wishbone would sit up, extend his throat, and give voice to a long-drawn-out howl, which, in spite of its harrowing cadences, expressed not misery but pure joy. His name had no significance but had either been born with him or had fallen upon him from out of the void.

It was freckle-nosed Patsy Flynn who adopted Wishbone, perhaps because Patsy's parents were less fastidious than some others. Patsy was not pampered and indulged; neither was he the object of undue solicitude. It appeared to be of minor consequence what Patsy brought into the house. But fraternal love sprang up full-fledged between Patsy and Wishbone.

Then Wishbone fell ill. Patsy was terrified, desolate. The puppy lay on an old bit of sacking in the back shed and gazed up at his master with frightened, pleading eyes. Obviously he suffered. His eyes watered as though with tears of pain, and he would not eat. He grew thin and ragged-looking, and he seemed to breathe with difficulty. His legs, but lately so full of frisking energy, weakened until they could scarce bear the weight of his emaciated body. For the most part he lay still, preoccupied with breathing.

Patsy was distressed and perplexed. This awful thing was beyond his comprehension, but it did not occur to him to seek the advice of his elders. Wishbone appeared to him to be dying. Could it be that? Could it be possible that all that winsomeness and affection was about to vanish off the face of the earth and be no more? How, in that event, could Patsy Flynn continue to face the hardness of a loveless life? Weeping and holding Wishbone's

paw seemed to work no cure. Patsy was learning that great love, for all its power, has small therapeutic value unsupported by science.

Patsy left his supper almost untouched and hurried back to the shed. The rude little bed was empty. Patsy's sharp eyes pierced the gathering gloom and at length discovered Wishbone standing uncertainly in a corner, or rather leaning against a barrel. For a moment Patsy's heart beat with renewed hope. Wishbone had got up. Then his heart sank again to lower depths than before, and panic seized him.

Wishbone started convulsively, staggered drunkenly, lurched against the barrel, and then fell on his side, his legs kicking and twitching. Was this the end? Patsy picked up the pathetic little burden and carried it back to the sacking. Wishbone's spasm of pain subsided, but his eyes were glassy and his lip drawn back from his teeth in a way that struck horror to Patsy's heart. He seemed not to know his master.

Then came an inspiration to Patsy Flynn, inspiration and courage. For it took courage to go to the dog doctor's house and ring his bell. Among Patsy's contemporaries the dog doctor was esteemed a fearsome personage. His brows were so dark and bushy and he was reputed to practise such dreadful rites in his inner sanctum. He cut up animals, it

was said, with saws and long gleaming knives. The day might come when he would extend his sacrificial activities to little boys. Patsy had no fears for his own safety. It was only for Wishbone that he trembled. But the case was desperate. Better a fatal operation than this lingering agony.

Doc Barnaby was not a little surprised, when he opened his door, to find such a small, speechless little boy on his door-step.

"Hello!" he growled. Perhaps I have mentioned the fact that Doc Barnaby's manner was at best not ingratiating and that his voice was harsh.

Patsy cowered before him and then, as he felt a slight movement in his arms, burst into stammering utterance.

"My dog—he 's— Say, Mr. Doc, how much do you charge to cure a dog?"

"What?" roared Doc Barnaby. "Oh, you want to know—"

Then his eye fell upon Wishbone. Doc Barnaby had little understanding of small boys. He had, in fact, never actually been one himself. But the aspect of Wishbone he understood perfectly and at a glance.

"We 'll talk about that later," said he in a tone a shade less gruff. "That dog 's pretty sick, is n't he? Bring him in."

Patsy, struggling with his precious burden, followed Horace into the gas-lit hall.

"Bring him clear through to the back room," said he. "It 's probably something infectious, and I 've got a dog or two in here."

Patsy, overwhelmed at once with fear, hope, and anxiety, followed him into the dark operating-room. Doc Barnaby lighted the gas, and Patsy shrank back with terror. The rumors, then, were not unfounded. There was a bare, shiny, white table sort of thing, with gruesome-looking levers and geared wheels. And there was a glazed bookcase containing shining implements of torture. Patsy might have fled had not his legs suddenly lost all power of movement. Doc Barnaby made ready a sort of bed on the floor in one corner of the room, rolled up his sleeves, drew on a pair of rubber gloves, and then turned to Patsy. He hardly looked at the boy, but as he gazed upon the dog his eyes softened amazingly.

"Poor little chap," he murmured as though to himself. "Distemper, and pretty far gone. You ought to have brought him to me before. Well, where there 's life there 's hope. Let me take him."

Patsy, responding unconsciously to the softened tone, yielded up his precious burden. Horace took the dog and held him for a minute in his arms be-

neath the gas-light, scrutinizing his eyes and nostrils and his staring coat.

"Yes," said he. "Distemper."

Then he did a very un-ogre-like thing. He held Wishbone's suffering little head for a moment against his cheek. Patsy watched with wide-eyed amazement.

Lying on the low bed, the half-unconscious Wishbone submitted to Horace's ministrations. He was too weak to resist, but dogs never resisted Horace, no matter what he did to them. They always seemed to understand that his mission was to help them. He cleaned Wishbone's eyes and nostrils with a bit of absorbent cotton dipped in boracic acid. He mixed some medicine carefully in a measuring-glass and poured a teaspoonful of it down Wishbone's throat. He did one or two other things to Wishbone which, as he would have said, were too technical to be described in detail. Then he washed his gloved hands in disinfectant and lighted a little gas-stove.

"We 've got to get some nourishment and stimulant into him," he said. "You have to keep up a dog's strength if you 're going to pull him through distemper. Heart-failure is what they mostly die of, and I don't like— What did you say his name was?"

"Wishbone," said Patsy.

"Wishbone's heart-action is very irregular. I don't like that symptom. But he 's a mongrel, and mongrels are apt to be hardy. With careful nursing we may pull him through."

Patsy did not understand half of what Horace was saying, but he caught a glimmer of hope.

"He ain't a-goin' to—to die, is he, Mr. Doc?"

"I hope not," said Horace.

" 'Cause he 's—he 's—" began Patsy in an outburst of self-revelation, and then something swelled in his throat and checked his words and his eyes flooded with tears. Horace looked at him wonderingly. Then he put his hand on Patsy's head.

"I 'll do what I can," he promised. "As much as I 'd do for a ten-thousand-dollar prize-winner. Let 's see if the water is hot."

He mixed a wee grog of tea with a drop of whisky in it and poured it down Wishbone's throat. Then he began the preparation of a broth.

"A little every half-hour will be best," said he. "He can't take care of much at a time."

While he was busy with these matters the telephone-bell rang.

"Bother," said Horace. "He 'll have to wait, whoever he is."

Presently the ring was repeated, and as soon as he could Horace went down to his office and picked up the instrument.

"Yes," said Horace. "Hello."

"Is that you, Docky?" asked an agitated feminine voice at the other end of the wire. "This is Juliet Whitman. Please come right over. Sylvia 's sick."

Horace hesitated. "What 's the matter?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know. She 's been awfully sick at her stomach. Can't you come right over?"

"He 's movin', Mr. Doc," called Patsy from the operating-room.

"I 'm sorry," said Horace to the telephone, "but I 'm afraid I can't get away just now. I 've got an important case here—a very important case."

"But this is important, too," retorted Juliet, and there was irritation in her tone. "If you don't come Sylvia may die, and I 'd never forgive you."

"Oh, Mr. Doc," called Patsy, "I think he 's goin' to try to get up again. What 'll I do?"

"Sorry," said Horace into the transmitter, "but I guess you 'll have to bring her over here or else get Dr. Brown. I can't leave."

He hung up the receiver with an air of final renunciation, and hurried back to Wishbone.

The racked little body was beginning to twitch with another convulsion, which lasted through a half-hour of agony. Horace was just getting him quiet when the door-bell rang.

It was Juliet, who had driven over alone in her own runabout with small regard for speed laws. A somewhat disheveled Juliet with the plump Pomeranian in her arms. An angry, flashing-eyed, scornful goddess of a Juliet, who swept past him into the hall.

"I thought you cared more for me than that," she sputtered cuttingly. "I thought you had some sympathy for animals. I find I was wrong. Now please examine Sylvia, Dr. Barnaby, and see what you can do for her."

Horace, helpless and hopeless, took the pampered Pomeranian in his arms and felt of her nose and abdomen.

"Acute indigestion," he pronounced in a colorless tone. "Nothing the matter with her but too much candy. I warned you about that, Miss Whitman."

"Well," she retorted, "I came to get her cured, not to be advised."

"She 'll recover," said Horace. "Probably she 's already gotten rid of what ailed her. But I 'll give her a dose of castor-oil."

Castor-oil! The supreme indignity. But Juliet could make no protest, and Sylvia, squirming and struggling, was forced to swallow such of the nasty stuff as she did not succeed in smearing over her face.

"Now take her in here," said Horace, leading

the way to his hospital ward. "On no account let her into the back room. Contagious case out there."

Juliet snatched up her pet.

"Then I 'll stay in the office," said she. "What more 's to be done?"

"I 'll see when I 've given Wishbone his broth," replied Horace.

"Wishbone? What 's Wishbone? Are you doctoring turkeys now?"

Horace did not reply, but returned to Patsy.

Wishbone was quiet now and seemed to be breathing a little easier.

"It 'll be an all-night job, I expect," said Horace. "Can't expect to see much change before morning. He must be kept in his bed and fed every half-hour. Don't you think you 'd better go home, son? I 'll promise to take good care of Wishbone, and you can come in the morning. It 's getting late, you know."

Patsy looked up at him, and for a moment two pairs of honest eyes gazed into each other.

"All right," said Patsy, "I 'll leave him with you, Mr. Doc."

Juliet, watching through the half-open door of the office, saw Horace hand the urchin his cap and pat him on the head.

"Keep a stiff upper lip, Patsy," said he. "I think we 'll pull him through."

The door closed, and Horace turned to Juliet. Sylvia was still groggy.

"Better lay her down," said Horace, "and wait half an hour. By that time I can be sure whether she 's all right or not."

Juliet's lip still curled disdainfully, but she followed him into the next room and watched him put Sylvia to bed on a clean, white pillow in a little wire cage.

"She 'll be quiet there," said he. Then he left her and went back to Wishbone.

He had left the sick dog resting on his right side. He found him with his back twisted about and his head resting on the floor. The demons of distemper seemed unwilling to let him alone. Horace saw signs of another convulsion. They would wear the poor little fellow out if they were n't stopped. He decided on a sedative. As he was busying himself with his preparations a noise in the corner caused him to turn his head. His hands were engaged; Wishbone was struggling again. Horace glanced hurriedly about him, and his eye fell upon a corner of Juliet's skirt in the doorway.

"Miss Whitman," he cried, "you 'll have to help me. Hold Wishbone and try to keep him quiet

while I get this ready. He may hurt himself in one of those convulsions."

She advanced a step into the room in a haughty, accusing manner, and opened her mouth as if to speak, but Horace had turned back to his work. Then she glanced over at the little yellow and white form writhing in the corner. She hurried over and fell on her knees beside Wishbone.

"What shall I do?" she asked.

"Just hold him on the cushion till I come," said Horace.

Presently he was beside her on the floor.

"Now hold his head—so."

Together they stroked the feverish little head and cleansed the glassy eyes, kneeling side by side upon the floor, his cheek almost touching hers. Together they smoothed the cushion and composed the little legs when the spasm had spent its strength. Together they murmured endearing, pitying things above him. Then they watched and waited, heedless of the flight of time. Wishbone still lived.

Doc Barnaby was engaged at his gas-stove when the telephone rang again.

"I 'll go," said Juliet. And the call was for her. An irate father stormed at the other end of the wire.

"Do you know what time it is?" he demanded. "Midnight, by gosh! And you 're still down at

Barnaby's. Have n't you got any sense of propriety at all? Come home, now, at once."

"But, father," Juliet replied, "there 's a sick dog here. Awful sick. And I 'm helping. Dr. Barnaby needed me."

"Well, he can't need you all night. Come on now."

"All right. In just a minute."

But when she returned to Horace, Wishbone was again showing signs of restlessness, and two pairs of hands seemed more efficacious than one in quieting him. Then something else had to be done, and something else, and it was one o'clock when a motor came roaring to a standstill in front of Doc Barnaby's house and the door-bell was rung with vicious insistence. Horace admitted a red-faced and wrathful Squire.

"Well, I must say," he exploded, "this is pretty goings on. Where 's that girl of mine?"

Juliet appeared, calm and unblushing.

"Now, father," said she, "don't get all wrought up. I brought Sylvia over, and she 's only just ready to go home. Besides, as I told you, Dr. Barnaby needed me to help on another case."

But Squire Whitman was not so easily pacified. He sputtered and stormed and said things that made Horace redden to the roots of his bristly hair and flatten himself against the wall. But Juliet, though

the paternal insinuations caused her to stiffen a little and bite her lip, appeared otherwise unmoved.

"I guess I can handle Wishbone now, Miss Whitman," said Horace in a little, thin voice from against the wall.

Juliet slowly drew on her gloves and adjusted her hat. Then she fetched the now healthily snoring Sylvia.

"Now look here, father," said she, "I think you ought to apologize to me, and to Dr. Barnaby, too. You 've been particularly nasty, you know. You 've no right to say such things. Everything is just as I 've told you."

Squire Whitman snorted. "Well, you 'll come along home now," said he, "and henceforth you 're to have nothing to do with this shrimp."

The crimson now dyed Juliet's handsome face, but it was not the crimson of shame.

"Father," she said in a low tone that nevertheless cut through the little room, "you 'll have to take that back. Sooner or later. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Whether or not you have any respect for me or any consideration for him, let me tell you that Horace and I are engaged to be married, and I 'll not have my future husband called a shrimp by anybody!"

The momentary silence which followed seemed charged with electricity. Horace gaped and be-

came, to all intents and purposes, unconscious. Then Squire Whitman lunged heavily against the door.

"Good God!" he whispered hoarsely, and burst out into the night.

Juliet turned and flashed upon Horace a brief smile that was like a glimpse of the New Jerusalem.

"He 'll come around all right," said she. "Come to-morrow. Good night, Horace. I hope Wishbone will be all right. Dear little Wishbone!"

As she passed out behind the burly form of her father Horace came to life. He lurched forward and, seizing her gloved hand, pressed it to his lips. Then gradually he became aware of the fact that he was alone in the hall, kneeling before the closed door, and blinking over his glasses at the now consecrated knob.

Slowly he rose to his feet and took his bewildered way back to Wishbone.

At 3 A. M. he tucked a blanket about the mending little dog, kissed him on the top of his head, and went up-stairs, to play the "Spring Song" on his clarinet until the breaking of a golden dawn and the coming of a heavy-eyed but gladdened Patsy.

HOME

HOME[1]

RIVINGTON STREET, from the Bowery to Eldridge Street, where the Settlement House and Public School No. 20 face each other, is a typical East Side thoroughfare, lined with small stores, steps leading to dingy basement shops, and the narrow entrances to populous tenements.

The first warm sunshine of April acts like magic on Rivington Street. It swarms into life like an ant-hill. Shawled women, sometimes with burdens on their heads, but more often with babes in their arms, stand gossiping on the sidewalk, or bartering with push-cart hucksters along the curb. Aged folk, long housed, stand dumbly soaking in the warmth on door-steps. Eager merchants throw wide their doors, inviting all and sundry to step within. Dirty, strangely self-reliant children in considerable numbers thread their way about among the sidewalk throngs and overflow into the streets.

The charm of Rivington Street lies in the chance encounter with the incongruous and the unexpected: the fine, keen face and visioning eyes of a Hebrew

[1] Copyright, 1918, by the Shortstory Publishing Company.

scholar among the sordid, greasy tradesmen of his race; the hectic gaudiness of a painted woman, passing with defiant eyes among her respectable and maternal, if somewhat drab and shapeless sisters; a child sitting squarely in the middle of the street, oblivious of rattling traffic, nursing a potted geranium; a handsome black cat, sleek and apparently well fed, stalking majestically across the street with as much unconcern as if she had all outdoors to herself.

It was such a sight on such an April morning that gave Mrs. Bruce Abington a little thrill of surprise as she passed along Rivington Street on her way to see Lucy Copeland at the Settlement House. Mrs. Abington did not realize that she, with her white gaiters and her white furs and her dainty grace of manner, was the most incongruous thing in Rivington Street. It did not occur to her that she was a much more noticeable object of attention than the little red-haired boy and the old setter dog sitting in the doorway over Jacob Strunsky's basement hardware establishment. But something about the boy and the dog struck Mrs. Abington's dramatic sense. There was an artistic contrast here that appealed to her strongly.

It happened that Mrs. Abington knew something about setters. Beside the snub-nosed, red-headed, Ghetto-bred urchin on the door-step sat, not the ap-

propriate mongrel of the streets, but one of those nobles of dogdom whose aristocracy is as apparent in a crowded, littered East Side thoroughfare as upon a bench at Southampton or on the Tennessee stubble. He was evidently an old dog, with all of the dignity that comes with years of honorable achievement. He was large for an English setter, powerful, rangy, a blue Belton with inky-black patches. He sat on his haunches, holding his head well back in that typical setter pose that sportsmen know so well. The depth of his chest, the soft length of his ears, the dome of his head all spoke of breeding. His sensitive nostrils quivered constantly as he pointed his nose to right and left; he gazed calmly out upon the busy world through eyes whose depths expressed gentle fidelity and infinite wisdom.

To Mrs. Abington, swayed by the prejudice which every honest dog lover must confess, a good English setter was the last word in canine development. She fairly gasped at the sheer beauty of this one, at the heart and brain which every motion, every glance reflected. And he was no common member of his breed; she was well enough versed in dog lore to recognize nobility when she saw it. Every line, every hair of him told of the ancient blood of Laverack and Llewellyn; there was something about him that was reminiscent of Count

Gladstone and Prince Whitestone. He was one of the elder statesmen of a famous race.

As she approached she wondered how this shaggy gentleman, this probable champion of field and bench, could have found his way into Rivington Street. She tried to recall whether she had heard of any famous setters that had been lost or stolen. She gazed keenly at him, tempted to investigate, but before she had determined upon a course of action she had passed on.

At the corner of Eldridge Street she paused and glanced back. Rivington was swarming with humanity, on the sidewalks, in the roadway, hanging out of tenement-house windows. A babel of sound, a mingling of strange foreign odors, added realism to the spectacle. It was life, colorful, intense, the teeming life of the massed city. And there on the door-step beside the red-headed boy, alert but calm and unmoved, sat the contrast of it all, a creature whose attitude and being flooded Mrs. Abington's mind with visions of brown fields and gorgeous autumn woods, of men in khaki with guns, of the sudden, startling whir of quail and grouse, of the wide ranging of tireless dogs with a scent more keen than eyesight. He appeared to her as the incarnation of the out-of-doors, the genius of wood and field, the spirit of wide spaces, held prisoner within these walls of brick.

An hour or two later Mrs. Abington retraced her steps, with an eye watchful for the old setter. It was half-way down the block that she saw him. Something had happened, she was not sure what; perhaps some boys had teased the dog and driven him in among the push-carts, and an irate huckster had kicked him out of the way. She was not sorry to have missed the sight. At any rate, he came loping back along the sidewalk, dodging the pedestrians, his eyes and ears turned backward and his tail drooping, the picture of an abused dog.

Mrs. Abington was indignant. The sight of an ill-used animal always aroused her resentment, but here was a canine personage, a creature that should have lived in a mansion, that should have been toasted at sportmen's banquets; he was out of his element entirely; he was suffering indignities at the hands of persons who did not, could not understand.

She spoke to him as he passed her, but he only gave her a hasty, sidelong look and hurried on. She turned and watched him as he sought the tenement doorway where she had seen him first. The red-headed boy was just coming out. The dog trotted up to him, his tail once more assuming a horizontal position, and the two sat down again on the step.

Mrs. Abington turned back and approached them.

"Is this your dog?" she asked.

The boy looked up at her suspiciously and nodded.

"What is his name?"

"Spot," said the boy.

He did not appear inclined to enter into a lengthy conversation. Mrs. Abington patted the dog's head with her gloved hand, a caress which Spot accepted calmly and with dignity. The boy threw a protecting arm about the dog's shoulders.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Micky Strunsky."

That explained the red hair and blue eyes in combination with the Semitic features, and the thought passed through Mrs. Abington's mind that the dog possessed the purer breeding of the two. She regarded Spot more closely. Somehow he looked ill cared for and ill fed. She began to wonder if there might not be some way of rescuing him from his unfit surroundings.

A large, red-faced Irish woman appeared in the doorway. "Come in, Micky," she said in a rich brogue, "I want ye."

"You 're the boy's mother?" asked Mrs. Abington.

"Sure," she replied.

"And this is his dog, he says."

"Sure."

"He seems like a fine dog."

"Oh, he 's all right, but he eats too much. A tinemint 's no place for a big dog like him."

"He 's different from most of the dogs around here," said Mrs. Abington, feeling her way. "Where did he come from?"

"Oh, we got him straight enough, if that 's what ye mane," replied Mrs. Strunsky, a bit aggressively. "He was Dr. Burke's dog."

Mrs. Abington had heard of Dr. Burke through her friends at the Settlement, a somewhat eccentric character who had seen fit to devote his talents and professional ability to ill-paid work among the East Side poor, and who had left a year or so before to continue his services among the hospitals of France.

"He saved Micky's life whin the kid had the infantile p'ralysis, and whin he left for the Red Cross he gave his dog to us."

With Dr. Burke out of the country, Mrs. Abington saw little chance of learning much regarding Spot's pedigree, but she had no doubt as to his breeding.

"You find the gift something of a burden, then?"

"Sure," said Mrs. Strunsky.

Mrs. Abington pondered. There came before her mind a picture of the Long Island estate where she was to spend the summer. As she looked at the old setter she wondered if he must not long sometimes for the open spaces, the feel of stiff stubble between his toes, and the thrilling scent of game. Her sympathies were so completely engaged by the

dog that she gave but little thought to the silent boy.

"If you knew that he would have a good home in the country," she ventured, "would you consider letting him go?"

"We might," said Mrs. Strunsky.

"Suppose we put it this way. I could take Spot out to Long Island with me for the summer and autumn. He is a hunting-dog, you know, and I think he would enjoy the chance to stretch his legs once more. Anyway, we could see how he seemed to like it. Then, in the fall, you could decide whether you would be willing to part with him for good, and if so, and if he seemed happy with us, I would buy him from you. How would that work?"

Mrs. Strunsky's eyes narrowed, and neither woman noticed the convulsive movement with which Micky drew the dog to his breast.

"Sure, that sounds all right," said Mrs. Strunsky.

Morris, the chauffeur, who was sent down to get Spot in May, reported that something like a family storm had taken place, with a rebellious show of temper and wild grief on Micky's part, followed by some sort of chastisement; but Mrs. Abington's thoughts were on the dog. The mongrel Micky had not appealed to her.

At Moonrise, the Abington place on Long Island, it was Tom Upham who took old Spot in hand. Mr. Abington, like his wife, was a lover of dogs

and of sport, but it had been some years since he had shot over setters and pointers in the Carolinas and had followed the field trails with a keen and appreciative eye for the wonderful performers in the circuit. He looked Spot over, stood him up as a bench-show judge does, examined his points critically, pronounced a favorable verdict, and then turned him over to Tom and forgot about him.

Upham was a gardener by trade, but a British sportsman by nature and tradition, and he had long deplored the empty kennels at Moonrise. Mrs. Abington's Poms and Pekes and Boston terriers interested him but little. Even the splendid shepherd-dog that she owned one season failed to win his admiration. Tom took this dog, Junker, out into the open one day, and watched him with increasing scorn. Junker strode proudly over the little prairie or leaped and ran among the thickets, but the field scents and the possibility of finding birds apparently meant nothing to him.

"'E ain't no dog," was Tom's verdict. "'E 's a tame wolf; that 's wot 'e is."

But when Spot arrived it was different. Here was a kind of dog the Englishman could understand, a dog that could trot tirelessly about in the heather all day, with a swift, level motion, and freeze to a statuesque point when the breeze brought the right message to his sensitive nostrils. Upham's heart

expanded, and he bore a new air of importance about the place.

In three weeks he had the setter looking as fine and fit as a two-year-old, his eyes bright and alert, his coat clean and silky. It was like a renewal of youth to Spot, this return to the broad stretches of country-side and the birdy clumps and thickets. If he had forgotten anything of the lore of his early days, the new environment promptly recalled it. His handler, with obvious satisfaction, watched him rapidly develop a working form that told of perfect training and the finest Llewellyn blood.

"Wait till fall comes," he bragged, "an' the shootin'-season opens, an' ye 'll see wot 'e can do. Ye 'll see the ol' man takin' notice then. I 'll lay ye me job on it, there ain't a better bred, faster goin,' birdier setter on Long Island than this 'ere, for all 'e may be eight or ten years old. An' by fall 'e 'll be at the top of 'is form."

Old Spot indeed lived a life of luxury such as he had not known for many a long day. Mrs. Abington watched his evident improvement and listened to Tom Upham's encomiums with pleasure, and congratulated herself that she had rescued Spot from surroundings that were killing him and that she had restored a great bird-dog to his own.

All her efforts to learn something of Spot's identity, of his claim to a place in the canine hall of

fame, were failures, but she and Tom agreed that he must be the scion of a noble line. And she was further delighted by Spot's growing fondness for herself. He had the affectionate disposition of his tribe, and it was not in him to remain indifferent to those who were kind to him.

Meanwhile, a small, red-headed boy, who did n't count, was wont to sit alone on a hard stone step in the heart of the great, noisy, populous city, gazing out upon the human tide with sullen eyes in which lay the melancholy of a repressed grief.

As for Spot—rechristened Spotswood of Moonrise, because such a name looked better in the stud-book—he accepted his new position as one born to the purple. Who can say what visions of fields and woods and whirring wings had hovered before his lustrous, liquid eyes during those years in the dingy city? Who can measure the joy that now came to him through their realization? Like a liberated bird, spreading its pinions to the free air and trilling forth a song of rapture, Spot covered the green miles about Moonrise with a free, elastic gait that was a delight to the eye, and though he could not sing, though the rules of the game forbid a setter's giving voice while in action, there were times when a single bark broke forth from his throat that expressed the utter joy of living. Yes, he had longed for it, the scent of the sweet fern, the elastic touch

of the brown earth. It was good to be alive, to run, to sniff the thousand delectable odors that are not man-made, to follow the instincts bred in his blood for a hundred generations. The hard, blistering pavements were forgotten, the strange, meaningless smells of tenements and city streets, the cruelty of jostling crowds, the irksomeness of restraint.

At least, Mrs. Abington and Tom Upham supposed they had been forgotten, as they watched the dog's delight in his natural haunts and activities. It was no more than normal that a dog like Spot, with his traditions and instincts, should yearn for the life of the open, and, when that had been attained, should forget the unpleasant episode of city life that had no real place in his existence.

But the canine heart knows impulses and ties that transcend the power of hereditary instinct and that are beyond the comprehension even of dog-wise people like Mrs. Abington and Tom Upham. As the summer days passed pleasantly by, old Spot began to grow unaccountably restless, like a busy man whose holiday has been long enough.

It was pure joy to be out there on the plains and in the woods with good Tom Upham. The life of the open had given Spot new vigor of mind and body. But somewhere inside him there was that which tugged and drew him elsewhere. He was vaguely conscious of a call more potent than the call

of the birds and the bracken. And it would not be denied.

On a hot night in August it came upon him as he lay in his comfortable kennel listening to the night sounds of the country. There came to him a picture of a crowded street that never slept, of a hot city roof whereon lay slumbering forms to be guarded. Who was guarding them now? Who lay, watchful and alert, beside the little master, in that fearful, strange-smelling, strange-sounding city? The touch of kind hands, the sound of kind voices had become an every-day matter in old Spot's life, but into his heart there crept an intense, insistent longing for just one pair of arms about his neck, for the sound of just one voice in his ear.

He was free to go; it had been some weeks now since they had taken the trouble to chain him at night. Restless and unable to sleep, he walked out into the starlit open and sniffed the night breeze. It told him many things of the house, the stables, the country beyond, but it failed to bear him the message he sought. He wandered about the premises, uncertain still as to the nature of the call that urged him, turning hesitantly this way and that, nosing the ground and sniffing the air.

At length he made his way to the road and stood looking doubtfully to the right and to the left. He ran a little way to the north and then circled about

and returned. At last he appeared to reach a decision. With one last look over his shoulder at the familiar buildings and grounds of Moonrise, he turned, leaped a low hedge, and started off at a steady trot across the fields toward the west. And Moonrise, that haven of refuge for a city-weary dog, that delectable center of kindness and joyous activity, knew him no more.

No one, I think, pretends that the dog possesses the unerring homing instinct of the carrier-pigeon. Even the cat commonly displays greater cleverness than the dog in finding its way back to remembered places. But there are plenty of recorded instances to prove that the dog is as sure and persistent in his search for the homeward trail as any other creature, when the motives are strong enough. And his motives are those of the heart and the affections, guided by a superior intelligence, creating an impulse more wonderful than the blind instinct of the birds, or the blundering reasoning of mankind.

Do not ask me how Spot knew east from west or the direction in which lay Manhattan. Ask your own dog how he recognizes the sound of your footfall among a hundred others, and if he tells you, you will understand. Spot was often perplexed by the curious turning of roads and the intervention of inexplicable obstacles. His course was indirect, made long by errors and detours, but steadily it brought

him nearer to the one spot on earth that was home for him.

Often he was hungry and thirsty, but he had been well fed, and he found here and there the means of partially satisfying his needs. He slept by night or by day whenever sleep became imperative and whenever a secluded spot was to be found.

At length he came upon the streets of cities, ever becoming more and more populous and offering fewer opportunities for food and rest. But he never faltered in his purpose, and as the way became more confusing, his conviction grew stronger that he was nearing his goal.

Spot was no longer young. His feet grew sore; his once tireless legs became stiff and lame. He ran wearily, weakly, but he kept steadfastly on.

No man can say how he managed to find his way through the mazes of city streets, but the third night found him dodging a watchful policeman and entering the eastern approach to the Williamsburg Bridge. It was after midnight, and the foot-paths were nearly deserted. The road lay straight ahead to the city of myriad lights. At first Spot was terrified by the occasional roar of the trains on the lower level, but he soon became accustomed to them and plodded steadily on.

At the center of the bridge he paused for a minute or two to rest his tired legs and pant a little. A

cool, refreshing breeze blew across the river, and the dog sniffed at it eagerly. Is it possible that there is a distinctive Manhattan smell that a dog may recognize? I cannot say. At any rate, he would not linger long, but pressed on.

Toward the western end of the bridge he encountered more people, who had left their stifling tenements for a breath of cooler air. But Spot knew how to avoid people; their familiar presence seemed to stimulate him to renewed efforts.

By the time he reached Delancey Street he was no longer in doubt. Limping painfully, he trotted along the hot, hard pavements toward Rivington.

East of Second Avenue the world never sleeps in summer. Rivington Street was not packed with masses of humanity as it had been a few hours before; the push-carts had departed, leaving the gutters free for the passage of home-coming dogs. But there were people enough there to recall the old, familiar scenes. The "spicy, garlic smells" from the tenement-houses were as sweet to Spot's sensitive nostrils as the scent of pine and prairie grass. The touch of the field stubble, the green of the meadow and woodland, the sound of whirring wings and of the kindly voices of Tom Upham and Mrs. Abington were all forgotten, as the old dog sought a humble, dingy door-step beside a sordid little shop.

The door was open, and Spot dragged himself

into the entry and up the narrow, dirty stairs. The doors above were closed, but outside of one of them he sniffed long and luxuriously. It was not a smell that should have gladdened the heart of a high-born setter, but it gladdened the heart of old Spot. He found that which told him that all was well, and, utterly exhausted, he dropped down upon the bare floor, content to rest and doze and dream happy dreams, waiting patiently for the morning and the glad reunion.

We humans think that we understand the meaning of home, but that is because we have never been dogs.

PORTYGEE PETE

PORTYGEE PETE[1]

THE three-masted schooner *Homer Bell,* Captain David Pike, master, Boston bound, with a cargo of Rio Janeiro coffee in her hold and a deck-load of mahogany planks taken on at Santo Domingo, lay on her homeward course. Under a blue January sky, with a southerly breeze filling her sails, she slid through the West Indian waters which boiled and gurgled about her shapely prow.

Three of the men sat in the lee of the forecastle, smoking their cuddy-pipes and soaking in the warm sunshine. A fourth squatted at the foot of the mizzenmast with a bright-eyed fox-terrier before him. The man was a swarthy seaman of Portuguese descent, with a broad, flat face disfigured by a scar on his left cheek, and with a crude representation of Eve, the apple-tree, and the serpent tattooed on his hairy left forearm. His dark eyes, in which usually lurked a sinister look, were now smiling, and his discolored teeth showed in a grin that was far from unpleasant.

"Now, Middy, sit up like a good dog," said he.

[1] Copyright, 1921, by Street & Smith Corporation.

"Both paws up. You can't fool me. I know ye. You can sit up easy enough when there 's a biscuit in the offin'. Come on now!"

The bright terrier, with a great show of reluctance, as though it required a tremendous effort to lift both fore paws from the deck, at last sat up, holding his head perkily and blinking humorously at his burly playfellow.

"Good!" said the sailor Pete. "Now the chantey. Come, now; sing! That 's a good pup. Sing! Oo—oo—oo!"

He imitated a dog's high-pitched howl, and Middy, throwing back his head, joined in the chorus. The men at the forecastle turned their heads lazily and smiled.

"Now, Middy," continued Pete, "we 'll try the hornpipe. You 're powerful slow learnin' to dance."

A sound of heavy footsteps on the deck caused Pete to glance swiftly about, and a dark look of hatred chased the smile from his face.

"Ugh!" he grunted.

"Come, get for'ard there!" growled Captain Pike, picking up the dog in his arms and touching the sailor with his foot.

"I 'm for'ard enough, I reckon," said Pete, rising slowly.

"When I say get for'ard, I mean get for'ard!"

roared the captain, with unaccountable wrath darkening his face. "And I don't want no back talk, neither. There 's been too much o' that already. You 've loafed all the way up from Rio, and I can't see the last o' ye too soon. If you can't find anything better to do than fool with my dog, I 'll send Mr. Dalton to help ye."

There are natures naturally antagonistic to each other, and during a long cruise on a sailing-vessel such antagonisms are prone to develop without the aid of any specific quarrel. The captain simply hated the sight of Portygee Pete and wreaked on him the irritation that had been growing out of sundry annoyances with which Pete had had nothing whatever to do. The sailor resented this, and in his heart there burned a slow but murderous fire. He arose sullenly and shambled forward.

The men at the forecastle, who had long known of the bad blood that existed between these two, glanced at each other and shook their heads dubiously. As Pete passed them he growled, "I 'll get him yet," and applied to the captain an epithet more forceful than elegant.

The *Homer Bell* had reached the latitude of Nantucket, and was drawing in on the homeward course, when she encountered what seemed to be the first breath of a coming storm. All day the breeze had been freshening from the southeast until a forty-

mile gale was blowing, but Captain Pike, anxious to make up for past delays, kept his sails set and plowed through the growing seas before the wind.

"I don't like the look o' them clouds to the nor'west, sir," ventured Dalton, the first mate.

"Never you mind them clouds," retorted the captain. "Have all hands ready to shorten sail if it gets squally, and let her run free. You can take another reef in your mains'l if you like."

Suddenly, toward dusk, the wind veered sharply to the northeast, bearing an arctic chill in its teeth. The sudden change kicked up a nasty cross sea which set the schooner to pitching and laboring heavily. At the captain's orders all hands sprang to the task of shortening sail. Topsails came down on the run, and the ship was eased off. But before she could be properly trimmed the squall struck her with the blow of a tornado. The forward jib was rent in twain, the slit canvas flapping wild and sending the men scurrying for safety. The helmsman laid her off a point, and she drove north in the teeth of the gale.

The choppy sea began to send combers high over the starboard bulwarks, and the men had to cling to the stays every few minutes as great waves came thundering along the decks, threatening to wash everything overboard. A dense darkness fell upon

the face of the deep, and a blinding blast of snow was mingled with the icy spindrift. It became utterly impossible to work ship.

"She 's making bad weather of it, sir," said Dalton, as he felt the deck heaving and shuddering beneath the blows of the gigantic seas.

"She 's stanch!" roared the captain in reply. "She 'll ride it out! Set two men on the wheel, Mr. Dalton, and hold her head steady."

For an hour the schooner plunged ahead in the darkness under shortened sail, lashed rudder, and battened hatches. The storm showed not the slightest sign of abating. Now she wallowed in the trough and now shot to the top of one of the immense rollers, trembling on the brink of another plunge. Most of the men had lashed themselves to the masts. The cook was praying in his galley in the midst of tumbling pots and pans. Little Middy, shut in the captain's cabin, was whining miserably.

It was impossible to keep any sort of lookout; they could only guess at their position. Snow and freezing spray frosted the lenses of the captain's binoculars; the stinging sleet rendered gazing to windward a punishment. Thus they rode through half the night, and the storm never slackened. Limbs grew numb with the intense cold; the surrounding blackness was impenetrable.

About midnight an ominous jerking and creaking warned the mate of impending disaster.

"The deck-load 's beginnin' to work, sir," he shouted in the captain's ear.

"Then it 'll be overboard in another hour," groaned the captain, "if the wind don't shift. Keep all hands for'ard of the after deck."

Continually the captain kept peering across the wind to the westward, and at last, out of the tail of his eye, he caught a spark of light on the horizon. He called the mate to his side.

"Keep your eye on that quarter," he commanded, pointing. "Tell me if you see a light."

"Looks to me," said Dalton, after several minutes of painful gazing, "like Highland Light."

"I thought so," said the captain. "We 're off Cape Cod. If we can't run by and weather Race Point before we drift in, we 're lost. Are we makin' much leeway, do you think?"

"Pretty bad, sir," replied the mate. "The wind 's dead on the starboard bow."

Gradually the light, flashing out now and then through the blizzard, seemed to be growing nearer, as though drawing the vessel to its doom. A crash was heard as a portion of the deck-load of mahogany planks burst through the bulwarks and slid into the sea. The rest of it began tumbling about dangerously, and little by little pitched overboard.

The whole ship seemed to be thrown off its balance. Then a pile of lumber went sliding aft and carried away the wheel and the two helmsmen with it. The remaining six members of the crew clung desperately to their supports. There was nothing to be done. The schooner, virtually rudderless, broached to and then sped reeling to destruction.

The suspense was terrible. The men, expecting every moment to strike, loosened their lashing to be ready to take to the rigging. Still the schooner plunged on like a mad thing.

Suddenly a shock made the *Homer Bell* shiver from stem to stern. She had struck the outer shoals of Cape Cod coast. She buried her nose in the hidden rip, and it seemed for a moment as though the mighty following seas would topple her end over end. Then her stern, lightened by the loss of the deck-load, swung around and slipped over the bar, and she settled, careening until her masts stood at an angle of forty-five degrees. Like a wounded animal she surrendered herself to the pounding of the seas.

When she struck, the mainmast, loosened in its step by the working of the planks, crashed overboard, with a tangled mass of canvas and cordage, tearing a hole in the deck, but leaving the after deck-house intact. The cook came crawling out of

his galley to meet the savage seas which were making a clean breach over the vessel.

To remain on deck was suicide. The captain and mate, the cook, and five seamen with one accord went scurrying up the starboard ratlines to take refuge in the fore and mizzen rigging, above the reach of the grasping waters. One sailor had disappeared in the boiling torrent.

Then suddenly in the midst of the tumultuous chaos a red flare glowed out on shore, like the eye of hope, and the men, led by Portygee Pete, sent up a cheer.

Toward the end of the third watch, or nearly four o'clock in the morning, Surfman Andrews of the Nauset Beach Coast Guard Station, at Eastham, returning from the north patrol, paused for the twentieth time in a vain endeavor to light his pipe. He was an expert at that sort of thing, but the hurricane from the northeast was too much for him.

"Drat the wind!" he exclaimed disgustedly. "Well, I'll soon be in where I can smoke in peace and quiet."

It had been a hard night for Surfman Andrews. The rising tide, driven by the frenzied gale, piled the breakers high up on the beach, forcing the patrolman to the foot of the dunes, where he was obliged to flounder along amid snow-drifts and

heaps of drifting sands. The snow and spray and flying sand blinded him and cut his face.

Now and then he had to go out of his way to ford frothing torrents where the sea had cut temporary sluices between the dunes. His lantern was frosted, and his oilskins and beard were white and stiff with frozen spray. He was chilled to the bone and sighed for the warmth and comfort of the station.

He tossed away the disappointing match and turned for one more seaward look before essaying the last toilsome march, shielding his eyes against the stinging blast. He was about to turn from it when a red gleam caught his practised eye. It disappeared as a huge comber raised its head, and then reappeared again, low on the water. Surfman Andrews recognized it at once for the port running-light of a vessel in distress. The boat was on the inner side of the outer rip, he judged.

Taking a Coston signal-flare from his pocket and fitting it into the little handle he carried, he struck the percussion-cap sharply on the heel of his rubber boot. Suddenly the beach and the tumbling waters were lighted in a ruddy glare which danced on his frozen oilskins, momentarily blinding him. He thought he caught the faint sound of a distant cheer, nearly drowned by the roar of wind and water.

The beach-patrol cast aside the burned-out Coston and set his face toward the station-house. Half running when he could, panting and grunting, buffeted by the snow-laden gale, he struggled on through the yielding sand and at length stumbled into the shelter of the house, crying: "All hands out! Vessel ashore!"

Two of the men were already dressed, waiting to relieve the men on patrol. The rest came tumbling down from aloft, hastily buttoning their clothing. Keeper Allen burst in from his quarters and demanded the particulars. In ten minutes the entire crew were ready, including Surfman Peters, who came wearily in from the south patrol.

"We 'll get the beach-wagon out first," said Keeper Allen. "No. 7 can go for the horse and get the surf-boat ready. Come along, men."

In another five minutes the men, each trained for his special part in the enterprise, had hauled out the beach-wagon with its carefully arranged life-saving apparatus, weighing in all half a ton. They threw the lines over their shoulders and started off down the hill at a run.

"Easy, men," cautioned Keeper Allen. "Save your wind."

Fortunately it was not more than a quarter of a mile to the spot which Surfman Andrews judged to be the nearest to the stranded vessel, but the way

was so choked with snow and sand into which the cart-wheels cut deeply, and the wind drove into their faces with such breath-taking violence, that the utmost exertion was needed to make headway.

It was a full half-hour before they reached their destination. Three men were sent back to help No. 7 with the surf-boat, which might be needed after daylight, and the rest set methodically and swiftly to work to get the apparatus ready.

They first burned two more Coston signals to let the shipwrecked men know that help was at hand and were rewarded by another faint, smothered cheer. Then, with great difficulty, they managed to kindle a fire of driftwood, partly to illuminate their work and partly to encourage the men on the stranded vessel. The sand-anchor was set and the tripod raised. The little Lyle gun was mounted, and the lines, carefully coiled in the faking-boxes, were placed in the lee of the wagon to protect them from the freezing spray.

The little bronze mortar was loaded and aimed by Keeper Allen, who carefully calculated the elevation, taking into account the velocity of the gale.

"If she 's on the outer rip, as she looks to be," said he, squinting at the still burning port light of the *Homer Bell,* "she 's three hundred yards out. We can't get any closer with this tide. I doubt if she 'll make it, but we 'll try."

The gun was fired, and the projectile, carrying the slender shot-line, sped up and out into the black void. They waited a few minutes, and then, the line remaining slack in their hands, they began to haul in.

"Fell short," said the keeper. "We 'll try another for luck."

The mortar was loaded and fired again, and again the projectile failed to reach the stricken schooner.

"We 'll have to wait till dawn," said the keeper. "The tide will turn soon, and we may be able to move out a bit closer. Nothing to do now but keep the fire going. All hands keep as warm and dry as possible."

If it was weary waiting for the men on the stormy beach, how much more disheartening must it have been for those who were clinging with freezing fingers to the rigging of the *Homer Bell.* The hours dragged by on leaden feet, but still the vessel held together; the two masts, though loosened in their steps, still swayed drunkenly over the waves. On shore still blazed the friendly beacon.

A cold and murky dawn found seven men clinging desperately to the rigging of the wrecked schooner. The cook, weakened by exhaustion and exposure, had lost his hold and had fallen into the pitiless sea. Some of the men had closed their eyes

and seemed half conscious, all their will-power being concentrated in the fight to hang on. Only the captain and Portygee Pete appeared to be awake and alert.

From their precarious position they saw the crew of the coast-guard busy through the mist. The wind had slackened somewhat, and the ebbing tide had left bare a strip of hard beach. The life-savers pushed their wagon closer to the water's edge and mounted the mortar beside it. Captain Pike and Pete beheld a flash and a puff of smoke, and something came hurtling toward them through the welter. Keeper Allen's aim had been superb; the projectile landed plump on the deck amidships; but the line, stiffened by the freezing spray, had parted. Captain Pike groaned.

There followed another interminable wait, with the masts of the *Homer Bell* thrashing about wildly and rattling in their steps. Then there came another flash and dull report, and the shot-line, though yawing sharply to leeward, came sailing overhead, to settle on the foremast crosstrees.

Renewed hope lent life to Portygee Pete's stiffened limbs. Cautiously he loosened his hold on the frozen ropes and wormed his way up the ratlines until he grasped the shot-line in his hands.

"Help, ho, all hands!" he cried, and his mates wearily opened their eyes.

The captain from the mizzen rigging now took command and directed the reviving sailors to lend a hand and haul in the line. The effort to reach a more workable position, inspired by a new hope, warmed them to activity, and the four men in the foremast rigging were soon hauling with a will.

At length the braided linen whip-line came to their hands, with the block and tackle. Acting under the captain's directions, they managed to lash the pulley to the foremast, and then the men on shore, hauling with a will, sent them the hawser. In a few minutes more the empty breeches-buoy came dancing over the waves, and as the first seaman settled himself into it, the men ashore sent up a cheer.

With the whipping of the mast and the consequent slackening of the hawser, the whip-lines had become twisted, but Surfman Paine, rushing waist-deep into the foamy water, disentangled the line, and the others, standing wide apart with the two ends, worked it free, and the first man was hauled ashore.

It was now that Portygee Pete displayed a strange generosity. He knew that he was one of the strongest of the shipwrecked crew. He could easily have taken his place in the breeches-buoy among the first, but he chose to wait, offering no explanation. Taking the most exhausted first, he

helped them into the swaying carriage and saw them brought ashore ahead of him, to be warmed at the fire and plied with restoratives.

While the third was on his way, Pete slipped carefully to the deck, and, bending the bight of a rope about his waist, dashed for the mizzen shrouds between two waves. With his help the mate and one sailor were lodged in the forward rigging and sent ashore.

"You can fend for yourself," he said darkly to the captain.

"I intend to," replied Captain Pike.

Pete sent the last man off, and only he and the captain remained aboard the pounding schooner, which now threatened to go to pieces at any moment. The mizzenmast was wabbling dangerously.

"You 're goin' overboard, captain," yelled Pete, with a cruel glitter in his eye. "The next trip in the buoy is mine, and it will be the last, for there will be no time for another. In a few minutes this here ship is goin' to break to pieces."

The captain made no reply.

It was now growing lighter, as the rising sun struggled to thrust its rays through the scudding clouds. The snowfall had nearly ceased, and though spray and sand still filled the whipping air, the life-savers could now distinguish the forms of the two men remaining in the swaying rigging of

the *Homer Bell.* As they broke the icicles from the breeches-buoy and prepared to send it back to the schooner, they were amazed to see the man in the mizzen shrouds slowly work his way down and disappear behind the great breakers which rolled continually over the deck.

Portygee Pete was no less astonished. He watched Captain Pike slowly descend, attach himself by a length of rope to the still secure ratlines, and then drop, between waves, to the slippery sloping deck.

The starboard bulwarks still stood, and to these the captain clung as a huge comber rushed upon him and poured its Niagara of foaming water over the shuddering vessel. It passed, with the captain still there. Foot by foot he worked his way along, trusting more to hands than to feet, until at length he was opposite the after deck-house, which, with the settling of the prow, now stood somewhat above the worst fury of the breakers. Watching his chance, he looped his rope around a deck-cleat and, suddenly loosing his hold on the rail, slid down to the cabin. In another moment he had forced open the door and vanished.

The empty buoy was bobbing on its way back to the schooner, but Portygee Pete was watching the after deck-house with fascinated intentness.

"The fool!" he muttered, with a sardonic grin.

"He 's gone for his money and his sextant. He 'll sink all the quicker."

Presently the cabin door flew open, and Captain Pike, seizing the rope in one hand and twisting it about his legs, began working his way back to the starboard rail. In his left arm he carried a burden, protected by his drenched double-breasted jacket. It did n't look like the sextant. Portygee Pete leaned forward from the ratlines and peered intently.

"Middy!" he gasped, and without a second thought began cautiously to descend to the deck.

Following the captain's tactics, Portygee Pete gained the rail, and, bending his head to the tumbling water, hitched himself along toward the place where Pike was struggling against odds with his precious burden.

Dangerously handicapped in the unequal combat, and able to use but one hand, the captain was making heavy weather of it. Thrice he nearly gained the bulwark, and thrice he was beaten back to the half-submerged deck-house by the force of the implacable torrents. Panting painfully and nearly spent, but still clinging to the frightened and half-drowned dog, he made one more effort. Again the sea engulfed him, and again he felt his weakened grasp slipping, when suddenly he became aware of a strong hand grasping his wrist. The blow passed,

and the captain, with a last mighty effort, drew himself to the rail and clung there breathless, face to face with his sworn enemy.

The buoy came swinging up to the foremast and stopped. The men on shore had seen the second figure drop unaccountably to the deck. They could not understand it, for they could not see the two men in the maelstrom of waters, fighting for their lives and for the life of a little dog.

Keeper Allen was about to order the launching of the surf-boat in a last desperate effort at rescue, when a cry was raised by the men farthest up the beach. One of the figures was seen slowly clambering up the forward shrouds again; then the other, which the first appeared to be assisting.

The men on shore sent up a shout of encouragement, but Pete did not hear it. He was listening to the pitiful little whines issuing from beneath the captain's coat. The two men were now at the crosstrees. The buoy was within their grasp. But there was no time to be lost. A crash told them that the bowsprit had gone; it was only a matter of minutes now before the hull would part and the schooner go to pieces. The foremast was rocking and pitching horribly.

"Get in," roared Pete. "But mind, it ain't you I cares for. It 's the dog."

The captain shook his head. "No," said he.

"I 'd leave you in a minute, but I 've got to be last on the ship. You know that. Go on, and be quick about it."

Pete knew the law of the sea. The captain still ruled aboard his vessel. The seaman dragged himself up, and, dropping his legs into the saddle of the buoy, let himself settle into it securely.

"Shall I take Middy?" he asked.

The captain hesitated. Then he drew the shivering terrier from his breast, kissed him between the ears with the tenderness of a woman, and held him out to Pete by the scruff of the neck.

"Yes," said he. "I would n't trust you with anything else in the world, but you love Middy. I know that. You 'd better take him. It may be too late if you wait for me. The dog will be saved, anyway. Good-by, Middy!" Then, feeling that Pete had the dog fast, he relinquished his hold.

Middy, nestling in the arms of his new protector, licked the sailor's bristly chin. Then Pete squeezed him securely down in the buoy and gave the signal to haul away. Captain Pike stood alone in the rigging of the doomed vessel, watching the little car go dancing crazily over the tumbling waves to land.

Seemingly made of iron was Portygee Pete. When he was taken from the breeches-buoy he did not stagger and fall from exhaustion as the others

had done, but walked sturdily to the fire to warm himself and Middy. He would allow no one else to touch the dog, but began rubbing him vigorously until Middy's high spirits began to return. He would not talk, simply answering briefly in the affirmative when asked if the captain were the last survivor on board. The breeches-buoy was sent spinning on its last outward trip, but Pete showed no interest whatever in further work of rescue.

Captain Pike managed to fix himself in the buoy, and the life-savers, encouraged by their success, hauled lustily. Suddenly a cry of dismay arose. The weakened foremast, to which the tackle was attached, was struck by a monstrous comber and came crashing overboard. The hawser slackened, and the buoy dropped into the angry sea.

Still Pete did not look up from the fire until Middy, now sufficiently recovered, broke from his grasp, and went sniffing about among the men, searching wildly for his master. Not finding him, and seeming to understand, the dog trotted to the water's edge and sent up a mournful howl. Pete, fearing that a breaker might catch him, followed sullenly.

The buoy did not sink and providentially remained right side up, but there was no time to lose. The captain might easily be drowned in the waves which constantly broke over him. The men hauled

frantically on the whip-line to drag him ashore through the surf.

Suddenly the line tautened in their grasp. It had become twisted in the slackened hawser and tangled in a piece of wreckage which threatened to batter the helpless captain to death. Only a few yards more, and he would have been drawn to safety by a dozen eager hands. Now he remained caught fast just outside the last line of breakers.

Three of the surfmen, dropping the line, sprang into the surf, but Portygee Pete was ahead of them. The mourning of Middy had been too much for him. It had awakened the strain of nobility in his twisted nature. With an open clasp-knife in one hand he grasped the line with the other and plunged into the boiling caldron.

Now under the water altogether, now shaking his head and shoulders above the surface, Portygee Pete made his way steadily along until he reached the imperiled captain. A quick slash or two beyond the buoy, and it swung loose on the yawing hawser, with Pete clinging to it like a bit of trailing seaweed. In another minute he and the captain were both in the hands of the surfmen, who, forming a living rope by clasping hands, had followed Pete into the surf.

Captain Pike was more dead than alive when they tumbled him out of the breeches-buoy, but they

knew what to do. In a trice they had him beside the fire and were busy with skilled hands at the work of resuscitation. In fifteen minutes he opened his eyes, and in half an hour he was on his feet.

They started to lead him away to the station-house, where the other shipwrecked mariners were being cared for, when he stopped and looked about him. Seeing Pete standing silently by the fire, he dropped the supporting arms and walked unsteadily toward him. The captain was still unable to speak, but he held out his right hand with a gesture that had but one possible meaning.

Pete turned partly away, glowering and scraping the sand with his foot like a school-boy caught in a misdemeanor. The others stood watching the little drama with uncomprehending eyes. Then, little by little, as though against his will, Pete raised his hand from his side until it settled in the captain's grasp, but his eyes he did not lift to the captain's face. They were fixed on Middy, frisking joyously at his master's feet.

PRINCE CHARMING

PRINCE CHARMING

THE Princess was lonely. She sat on her silken cushions in the window of her castle tower and gazed out pensively over the courtyard and moat. Her face was pale in its frame of golden hair, and her needle-work lay neglected beside her. She wondered if Prince Charming would never come to bear her away on his milk-white charger to his palace beside the Enchanted Lakes.

If you and I had chanced to pass that way we would have seen no massive turret or clanking portcullis, for we are mature persons and our eyes are holden. We would perhaps have observed a little clapboarded white house, badly needing paint, standing back a little from the street between a blacksmith's shop and a Chinese laundry. In place of the moat we would have noticed only an uneven brick sidewalk, and the courtyard we would have found crowded full of new gravestones of granite and marble. If we were very observing we might have caught a glimpse of the white face of a serious little girl of ten or thereabouts in a second-story window of the house.

It was not the lugubrious foreground of gravestones that made the little girl's expression so sad, for she had never known any other kind of front lawn. In fact, there was a certain amount of interest to be derived from the frequent changes of scenery produced by the activities of a low, heavy cart which brought the gravestones and took them away. Sometimes there would be solid ranks of gray stones with shiny fronts. Sometimes a glistening white cross would rear its head among them. Sometimes the yard would be emptied of nearly everything but the chubby little Angel Boy leaning awkwardly against his brownstone stump with a scroll in his hand. The Angel Boy had stood uncalled for against the laundry building as long as the little girl could remember, the neglected product of a fleeting art impulse.

Above the door of the little house there was a faded sign which read:

JOHN FALES
MONUMENTAL STONEWORK

For some reason the Princess had never thought of her father as a king. He was a man who spent part of his time at the cemetery and part in a little shop and a shed back of the house. When he was in the house he was usually either eating or

reading a paper or snoring on the sofa with his boots off.

The mother was not particularly queenly, either. She was a very busy woman who used a broom a great deal and kept the house very clean. When Mrs. Sanderson or Mrs. Raub came in she became talkative, but ordinarily she was silent and not good company for the Princess. She was even cross sometimes. Also she had a horror of automobiles and would not allow the Princess to go out to play with other little girls for fear she would be run over.

That is why the Princess was so lonely. It was n't so bad when school kept, but in vacation-time she could only sit in the window and read her three story-books and sew and gaze out over the courtyard and the moat and long for the coming of Prince Charming.

In the branches of the sycamore-tree that peeped over the roof of the blacksmith shop a bird was twittering, and the Princess called it a nightingale. An empty lumber wagon rumbled into view with three laughing children clinging to the tail of it. The Princess followed them with her wistful eyes till the laundry shut them from her view, and then she sat listening to the sounds of their voices till they were drowned out by other noises down the street.

By and by the Princess heard the yelping of a dog. They were high-pitched little yelps, such as a puppy makes. Presently a sorry-looking creature came scurrying around the corner of the laundry with his tail between his legs, as though some one had been pursuing him. He hurried in among the gravestones and sat down suddenly close to the Angel Boy, leaning against it sideways.

He was not a handsome animal. He was heavy-footed and awkward, with one black ear and one white one, flopping at different angles. He was mostly a dirty white, with spots of black and brown, and he needed a bath. As he sat there he shivered now and then in his fore legs, which was odd, for it was July and the day was warm. He looked very small among the gravestones and seemed frightened at having found the world so wide.

The Princess made a little kissing noise with her lips, and the dog cocked his head first on this side and then on that, unable to locate the sound. The Princess made it again, and the dog looked up and caught sight of her. Slowly he arose to his feet, and his tail appeared and began to wag a little. He looked up at the Princess expectantly.

"Nice doggie; nice doggie," said she, and tapped with her fingers on the screen.

The puppy lowered his head and thrust out his

paws, as though to lure her by a playful attitude, and the Princess smiled. The dog, thus encouraged, made a little dash behind a gravestone and then back again, and gave voice to a soft little "Oof!" Doubtless he would have performed a trick for the Princess if he had known any.

The white face withdrew from the window, whereat the dog's muscles relaxed, and he stood gazing disconsolately at the empty space, his tail drooping again. The Queen-Mother was busy in the kitchen, and it did not seem necessary to disturb her; so the Princess stole quietly down the turret staircase and out into the courtyard.

The puppy greeted her effusively. He approached in wriggling fashion, his hind quarters endeavoring to reach her simultaneously with his head. He made little whimpering sounds of delight and sneezed nervously. The face of the Princess was wreathed with smiles. She reached forth her royal hand and patted him, and he became convulsed with the joy of it. Then he put one little paw on her knee and yawned tremulously, whereat the Princess was moved to discreet laughter. She gathered him impetuously into her arms and kissed the top of his dusty head, and he returned the salute with a moist tongue under her chin, which made her shiver delightedly.

"You are Prince Charming," she said, holding

him off and looking into his eyes, "because you came to me across the moat."

Presently she became aware of the round, friendly face of the Oriental Astrologer in the laundry window. The face was smiling blandly.

"Dog," said the Oriental Astrologer.

"Yes," replied the Princess. These two were accustomed to converse in monosyllables.

"Hungry," said he, noting the extreme slenderness of Prince Charming's waist. The face disappeared from the window.

"He has gone to make magic," the Princess explained to Prince Charming.

The Oriental Astrologer returned presently and cast out upon the ground a quantity of cold boiled rice and a bit of fish. Prince Charming saw it and began to lick his little chops, but he made no move to leave the arms of the Princess. So she took him over to the rice and set him on the ground. Prince Charming fell to with gusto, but kept one eye constantly on the Princess, who found his method of feasting infinitely diverting.

"A fine dog," said a voice behind her. "A wonderful fine dog."

She looked up and beheld the twinkling eyes of the Numidian Giant (that was Mr. Raub, the blacksmith, you know), who stood resting his great arms on the top of a granite tombstone.

"He should have a pan of water, too," said he, and went to fetch it. The Oriental Astrologer, shaking with laughter, returned to his white magic.

So that is how Prince Charming to the dark tower came. He made no attempt to enter the castle, nor did it occur to the Princess to invite him in. It would have been too much to expect the approval of the Queen-Mother.

At first he was dissolved in woe when the Princess disappeared through the doorway, but as she always came forth again sooner or later he learned to take the matter philosophically, and took up his permanent residence in the courtyard. There was no cellar beneath the palace of the Oriental Astrologer, and Prince Charming discovered an aperture behind the Angel Boy large enough to permit him to squeeze into the dark place of mystery under the laundry floor. This served him as a chamber at night and a sanctuary by day when real or fancied enemies approached. Food, Chinese and Teutonic, was provided by the Princess's accomplices, and occasionally she was able to smuggle out to him a scrap from the royal table.

So Prince Charming really fared very well and adapted himself with remarkable facility to this somewhat unusual manner of living. And one could see with half an eye that he was hopelessly in love with the beautiful Princess.

About three weeks after Prince Charming's arrival an official proclamation was tacked to the trunk of the big sycamore-tree at the corner, stating that the local dog ordinance was about to be enforced and that all dogs running at large without muzzles would be dealt with in accordance with the provisions thereof. The town in which the Princess lived, having no license law or dog tax, still makes use of this quaint, archaic method of reducing its canine population. Whenever the Board of Health is sufficiently annoyed by complaints regarding the overabundance of stray dogs on the streets, or when the periodic mad-dog scare comes to town, the majesty of the law is evoked, the ordinance is taken out of the village safe, a dog-catcher and a wagon are hired, and there takes place a sort of canine pogrom or massacre of the innocents.

The Numidian Giant read the proclamation with contracted brows and went and told the Princess, who caught Prince Charming to her breast and looked up at the Giant with great, frightened eyes. So he bade her keep her eye on Prince Charming and promised to get his friend the harness-maker to fashion a small muzzle for his Highness, and hurried back to his work.

But fate swooped down upon the courtyard with unexpected swiftness. While the Princess was eating her dinner Prince Charming disobeyed

her and crept out of his hiding-place beneath the palace of the Oriental Astrologer. He trotted out among the gravestones and sat himself down beside the moat to enjoy an inspection of the world's business. You would hardly have thought that such a small dog would be noticed, but as luck would have it a black covered wagon drew up at the curb, and a red-faced man in shirt-sleeves alighted and approached the Prince, speaking gruff but enticing words.

Prince Charming drew back a little, but the man seemed friendly, and curiosity is a powerful motive in a small dog. Prince Charming was eager to know what it was that the man held in his hand.

There was a sudden swoop and a pounce and Prince Charming was caught up by the scruff of the neck and cast roughly into the wagon with three or four other dogs. In terror he crouched in a dark corner and the wagon drove noisily off down the street.

When the Princess came down from her tower there was no little wagging tail and eager tongue to greet her; no wriggling little form appeared at the sound of her voice. She went to the mouth of his cave and peered into the earthy blackness, calling his name, but he did not emerge. She sought him among the gravestones, prepared to scold him for hiding from her, but she discovered

no sign of him. A wave of fear and great loneliness swept over her, and her thin little lips trembled.

"Lookin' for the pup?" a voice inquired.

'Abie Rosenberg, the small son of the Italian Count (Princess was a trifle weak on nationality) who kept the fruit store down the street, stood at the moat regarding her.

"The catcher took him. I seen him."

The Princess scrutinized him in vain for signs of jesting; it was true.

She rushed into the blacksmith shop. The Numidian Giant was making sparks fly from a white-hot piece of metal on his anvil.

"Where do they take the dogs they catch?" asked the Princess.

"Don't know," said the Giant between blows. His mind was on his work, and he did not catch the significance of the question.

"Who does know?" she asked.

"You could ask a policeman," he suggested.

The town's traffic squad consists of one man who stands at the corner where the trolley-line branches and earns his salary by looking military. The Princess remembered him and hurried off.

"Where do they keep the dogs they catch?" she asked breathlessly.

The policeman gazed down at her a bit stupidly. She thought he would never answer.

"You mean the pound?" he asked at length.

"I don't know," said the Princess despairingly. "It 's where the dog-catcher lives, I guess."

"You mean the pound," asserted the policeman with a great show of wisdom.

"Where is it?" asked the Princess.

"Up at the waterworks," said he.

"Where are they?" asked the Princess.

The policeman stepped away to answer the question of a man in an automobile, leaving the Princess looking very small and not at all regal in the middle of the road. When he returned he appeared to have forgotten about her. It was very humiliating, but the Princess persisted.

"Where are the waterworks?" she asked.

The policeman at last pointed out the top of a steel tank towering above the trees on the north side of the village.

"See that?" asked the policeman.

"Yes," said the Princess.

"That 's them," said the policeman.

The Princess, forgetting all about the rules which kept her incarcerated within the moat, started off as fast as her thin little legs could carry her. She passed all the stores, rounded two corners, and started

up a long, shady street at the end of which she could see the water-tower. It was nearly a mile away, and it seemed as though she would never get there. The nearer she came to it the loftier it appeared, and she began to wonder how she was ever going to climb to the top and get poor Prince Charming out. If it was full of water perhaps he was drowned already. She stifled a sob and hurried on.

When at last she arrived at the waterworks she was panting painfully. She walked around the big tank which reached up to the clouds. Its sides were smooth and perpendicular, and the one little iron scaling-ladder attached to it began far above her reach. The thought of such a very little dog in such a tremendous prison filled her with horror, and she was ready to sink to the ground weeping when she heard a man's voice.

"What are you doing there?" he called.

She turned her frightened, white face toward a low brick building with a tall black smoke-stack, from which came a low sound of running engines. The man stood in the doorway of the office, with a pipe in his mouth.

With courage born of despair the Princess approached him.

"I 'm looking for my dog," said she.

"Did the catcher get him?" asked the man.

The Princess nodded. "Is he here?" she asked.

"Dunno," said the man. "Want to look?"

"Oh, yes!" cried the Princess.

The man led the way around the back of the building to an inclosure surrounded by a high wire fence. There were a score of dogs inside, some of which arose barking at their approach, and the smallest among them was Prince Charming. He sat huddled dolefully against the fence at one side, looking just as he did the day she first saw him beside the Angel Boy.

The Princess ran eagerly to the fence.

"Prince Charming! O Prince Charming!" she called shrilly.

The puppy cocked his head, rose to his feet, and then came tumbling pell-mell across the yard to her. He became a little living ball of pure joy. He wriggled, he danced, he licked her hand, he squealed with delight. He was so small that he could almost squirm through the openings between the wires, but not quite. The Princess pressed against the fence and spoke to him in little crooning tones. Then she looked up at the man, smiling.

"Can I take him now?" she asked.

"It will cost you five dollars to get him out of there," said he.

Her look of happiness changed swiftly to one of horrified amazement, which caused the man to chuckle in a way that seemed to her most heartless.

"Five dollars!" she gasped.

"Sure," said he, and proceeded to explain to her as well as he could.

"We keep 'em five days," said the man. "If you bring five dollars in that time, and prove he 's yours, you can have him."

The Princess stole sorrowfully away. She had no crown jewels to pawn, and the possibility of raising so vast a sum did not even occur to her. There must be some other way. She would consult the Numidian Giant.

As she made her weary way back down the shady street a Boston terrier dashed up to the fence and besought her to come in and play with him. She regarded him sorrowfully. Then her eyes traveled up to the big white house beyond. She remembered then that she had passed that way once before in the remote past, and had been told that Mr. Lawrence, the village president, lived there. She had seen him, too, for he had made a speech at her school when they raised the new flag and all the boys and girls sang "The Star Spangled Banner," and he took off his shiny silk hat. He was a sort of mayor, an all-powerful personage, she understood. Perhaps he would help her.

She opened the gate and advanced timidly up the front walk, hardly noticing the demonstrations of the terrier who leaped and barked about her. She

rang the bell and stood waiting on the door-mat, with her hand at her breast.

The maid who opened the door said that Mr. Lawrence was in and asked her to enter; but she preferred to remain outside, and soon the president himself appeared.

He was a big man, taller than the Numidian Giant and almost as thick, and though his expression was not unkindly he was altogether rather terrifying. But it would have taken more than physical fear or awe or a sense of her own smallness to deter the Princess now. She was a woman fighting a woman's fight for her beloved, and her thoughts were all upon velvet-nosed Prince Charming and the five days left in which he must be rescued or disappear forever.

"Please, Mr. President Lawrence, they have taken Prince Charming—that 's my dog—up to the waterworks, and I can't get him back unless I pay five dollars."

"He was n't muzzled, I suppose?"

"No, sir. There was n't time for Mr. Raub to get him his muzzle. And of course I can't pay them five dollars 'cause I have n't got it. But I thought if you knew what a little dog he is perhaps you would tell them to give him back to me for less. There are big dogs there, ten times as big as he is, and they ask just the same for them. He

is the littlest dog of all. I could n't pay, but I could—I could—make you a book-mark."

"A book-mark?" repeated Mr. Lawrence, somewhat astonished. He hardly liked to admit that he was not much of a reader.

"Yes," said she. "Colored worsted on perf'rated card."

Mr. Lawrence did not reply.

"Any color you like," pleaded the Princess, "on a silver card."

Still he did not reply, and the Princess fancied she saw his head shake with the merest hint of a negation. Her big, wistful eyes became suddenly little sparkling pools, and then a tear stole out of each of them and down her cheeks. Beside her sat Muffins, the Boston terrier, not at all comprehending, but in some way sensing a crisis, with his round brown eyes fixed on his master's countenance. A deeper student of facial expression might have said that Mr. Lawrence was remembering something or somebody.

Suddenly he turned.

"Wait a minute," said he. "I 'll see what can be done."

Muffins was wild with delight when his master returned with his hat and stick. Muffins thought the three of them were off for a frolic. But he was shut inside his gate. He did n't like his muz-

zle, Mr. Lawrence explained, and it would be better not to take him on this expedition. He followed them behind the fence as far as the corner of the yard and then gave himself over to lamentation. The Princess cast back at him a look of sympathy, and then pressed on toward her own.

They were an odd pair as they walked up the shady street—the tall, somewhat pompous gentleman, and the little girl in the blue gingham dress and white stockings, taking three steps to his two. they did not talk much, for the president found it difficult to hit upon topics of conversation suitable to the circumstances, and the mind of the Princess was fixed upon her one purpose.

While the president was interviewing the man at the waterworks, the Princess stood in the doorway, her eyes mutely pleading, her heart beating wildly with mingled apprehension and hope. If the president should fail, who was there that could help her? The outcome, in that event, was a bit vague in her mind, but none the less horrible.

Presently the waterworks man passed out through a back door, and the president turned again to the Princess, who questioned him with beseeching blue eyes.

"You know you should have had a muzzle on him," he said, somewhat sternly. "The poster said so."

The Princess nodded humbly; she could not speak.

The president stood gazing silently out over the treetops, while the Princess's little heart pounded as loudly as the engines behind the office. What was he going to do now?

Suddenly she was startled by a furious little scuffling behind her, and, turning, she beheld Prince Charming—her own Prince Charming—tugging wildly at the end of a piece of stout cord held by the waterworks man.

The Princess fell upon her royal knees before him and smothered him with kisses and endearing words, which he did his best to return in his own funny way.

Then she looked up, first at the waterworks man and then at the president, and forced herself to whisper, "May I have him now?"

It is not recorded whether the president had made an improper use of his political power or had surreptitiously produced a five-dollar bill, but the Princess was soon observed, stepping proudly forth by the great man's side, leading a very happy and somewhat unmanageable puppy by a string. Her face was transformed by the light of love triumphant, and the look of silent gratitude which she occasionally cast upward should have been worth, to any right-minded man, at least four five-dollar

bills. The waterworks man stood in his doorway watching their departure, puffing his pipe and grinning to himself.

"Remember, now, to get that muzzle," warned the president at his gate. "And don't forget that book-mark. I shall expect you to bring it to me."

"Yes, sir," said the Princess, too full for further words.

"I think I should prefer red, white, and blue worsted," said the great man.

When the Princess turned the corner into her own street it suddenly occurred to her that the whole afternoon had slipped by and that she had taken a most unprecedented liberty. Abie Rosenberg accosted her from his seat on a berry-crate.

"Gee, you 'll catch it," said he. "Where you been?"

The Princess gave him neither word nor look, but marched proudly on, dragging Prince Charming gently but firmly away from the alluring crates.

The Oriental Astrologer stood before his door, and when he caught sight of her he gave a little hop and scurried around the corner of his palace. Then the Numidian Giant and the Queen-Mother appeared from somewhere, the latter rushing out and seizing the Princess somewhat roughly by the arm.

"You 'd run away, would you, and scare us half

to death? You might have been run over. Come in now and see what your father 's got to say about it."

The Numidian Giant slipped up quietly and took the string from the Princess's hand. With great solicitude he led the protesting puppy into the blacksmith shop, casting a smile back at the Princess and giving her a reassuring nod. The Oriental Astrologer appeared with something wrapped in a paper and hurried over to the Giant's cave with it.

The Princess was led unresisting through the door and up the turret staircase. She shrank not from the ordeal before her. What mattered shakings and scoldings and durance vile so long as she possessed the assurance that in God's own good time she would again hold Prince Charming in her arms, smooth his soft ears, and feel once more the delicious tickling of his moist little nose beneath her chin?

KILFANE

KILFANE

IT is a rare engagement that does not leave something to be adjusted after marriage. The friends of Harry Winton and Ruth Emory all said that they were a perfectly matched pair, perfectly congenial in tastes, both intelligent and cultured, and very much in love with each other. But the friends did not know how Ruth felt about Kilfane.

They all knew Kilfane, of course. He was much too big and conspicuous to be ignored, and too frequently the subject of Harry's conversation. What they did not know was that Ruth was afraid of Kilfane, for she was too proud to show it.

Ruth, indeed, though she dearly loved horses and was an expert rider, did not care at all for dogs. She could tolerate a cocker spaniel and admire a well-bred collie, but how any one could lavish affection on a great brute like Kilfane she could not understand. Kilfane must have felt something of this, for he refrained from making advances in the direction of his master's fiancée, and it was his aloofness that postponed the day of reckoning.

While they were engaged it did not greatly matter. Ruth did not mind having Kilfane along

when she and Harry went riding. In fact, she was not entirely averse to the additional attention attracted by his rangy gallop and elephantine gambols. But the thought of having to live with Kilfane after her marriage disquieted her greatly.

She was, of course, unjust to Kilfane in considering him a brute. By every canine criterion Kilfane was a noble animal, scion of an ancient line. A splendid specimen of that rare and majestic breed, the Irish wolfhound, he bore his royalty with jaunty dignity.

In the days when the fairies still populated Erin and the minstrels sang the ballads of Oisin, the kings of Ireland and their nobles bred the greatest of all dogs for the hunting of the gray wolf and the gigantic Irish elk—a sport for men of heart and brawn. Kin to the greyhound and as fleet, owning the blood of the wire-haired terrier of the north and as gamy as he, this dog was bred the largest and bravest of his kind—the *sagh clium,* or wolf-dog. Such were the dogs of Fionn, son of Cumhaill, or Finn McCumhall, chief of the household of King Cormac in the third century, the greatest of which was the sainted hound Bran. Of this breed was the hero of the battle of Aughrim who refused to leave the body of his slain master. Of this breed was the faithful Gelert of Llewellyn the Great.

And such was the lineage of Harry Winton's Kilfane. Active as a terrier and powerful as a mastiff, he stood full thirty-three inches high at the shoulder and weighed 125 pounds. He could have become many times a champion if Winton had cared to subject him to the nerve-racking indignities of the bench-shows. Clear-eyed, stout-hearted, gentle as a kitten with his friends, playful as a puppy when the mood seized him, he was a very prince of dogs, as Harry was never tired of saying. But to Ruth he was only a great, hairy animal, too small to be ridden, too big to be petted, and generally to be feared and distrusted. She had seen him once turn angry at a drunken plumber who had insulted Harry's mother, and the sight had sickened her. Only Harry's presence, she believed, had prevented bloody murder.

It is possible that she might have overcome this dislike and fear of Kilfane if she had taken it in hand in time, but she did not. Like many amiable people she had her own streak of obstinacy. And it is likely that she was more than a little jealous of Kilfane. One evening, a few weeks before the wedding, she nerved herself to have it out with her lover, but he refused to take her seriously.

"Nonsense, my dear," said he. "Kilfane never hurt a living soul, and he would n't touch a hair of your precious head except with a caress. You 'll

learn to love him, my word for it. You can't help it. Look at him out there in the moonlight, now. Is n't he grand?"

The great dog was standing like a statue on the lawn, listening to the far-off baying of a foxhound. Beautiful he was, but to Ruth there was something wolf-like and sinister in his huge, lithe form and half-open jaws. Winton called to the dog, and he came bounding up the steps to meet the expected caress, his whole body vibrant with the joy of life. Ruth shrank back.

"But I can't, Harry," she protested. "I am afraid of him, and I can't help it. If you bring him to live with us, and leave him alone with me, it will be horrible. Please don't, Harry."

But Harry only laughed at her fears and wrung the dog's silky ears.

The matter did not recur until their wedding-day. In the joyous excitement of the preparations Ruth forgot Kilfane.

It was a brilliant wedding, the papers said. Never had such a galaxy of beauty been gathered together in Harrindon as the six bridesmaids and the bride. And Harry bore himself with the pride of an admiral. With the aid of a clever best man they escaped from the annoyances of pursuit and arrived at the station of a town down the line, to take the train for the West and a glorious honey-

moon near the Grand Cañon. The chauffeur was dismissed with a generous *pourboire,* and they stood on the lighted platform in the midst of a small but bustling crowd of travelers.

"Good work," said Harry. "Bert got us off without a hitch, and ten minutes to spare. Would you mind waiting here a moment, dearest? I 'll be back in a jiffy. I want to see if old Kilfane is all right."

"Kilfane!" gasped Ruth. "You have n't brought him?"

"Of course," said Harry. "What else? Could n't leave the old boy alone at home to eat his heart out. Besides, he 'll be bushels of fun in the mountains. You 'll see."

He started off down the platform toward the baggage-room, but Ruth did not tarry. Something had sent a red spot to each of her cheeks and a glint to her eyes. Leaving the new suit-cases unattended on the platform, she hurried after him.

"Harry," she called in a tone that made him halt abruptly. "I won't have the dog. He 'd spoil my whole honeymoon. You must send him back now, before it 's too late."

He looked at her with wonder in his eyes and a touch of hardness that was new to her. Her hand went to her breast, and unwelcome moisture gathered on her lashes.

"All right," said Harry. "I 'll send him back, then."

His voice was icy-cold, and fear gripped at Ruth's heart. What was this thing that had so suddenly come between them? A quarrel on their wedding-day would be terrible. Ruth feared Kilfane; she hated him; but she loved Harry Winton, and she desired his love more than anything else in the world. He felt her gloved hand on his arm and looked again into eyes that were soft with appeal.

"No, bring him, Harry," said she in a low voice. "We must n't be—like this."

A sudden tenderness seized him, and he kissed her there on the lighted platform.

"There 's my dear, good Ruth," said he. Then he went to help four nervous and harried men get Kilfane into the baggage-car.

Across the land they sped, two mated lovers. Let cynics scoff at them as they sit with hands clasped, gazing into each other's eyes, while the United States rush past. And let cynics smile when Harry, twice a day, leaves his beloved to visit the forlorn Kilfane in the baggage-car.

Three days at the Grand Cañon, with a futile attempt to comprehend and appreciate its grandeur and colorful beauty, and then horses and campkit and a leisurely sixty-mile ride to the Y-Bar Ranch on the Antelope Plains to the north.

Wearied by her journey, Ruth begged Harry to leave her on the second day and take his Kilfane off for a gallop with the cattlemen. And for the first time since the wedding she had a chance to sit and rest and think. Up to that time life had been crowded, kaleidoscopic. Now she relaxed and let her mind go gypsying. It was refreshing after all the excitement to sit alone on the porch of the bungalow that was to be their home for forty days. She had not realized how tired she had become. It was good to come to a mooring for a time. Already she had begun to love this wild, strange, northern Arizona country, so unlike the scenes of home. There was something restful and gracious in the dry air and in the immensity of the landscape. Ten miles to the west rose the walls of the Unkaret Plateau, with the peaks of Trumbull, Logan, and Emma, bathed in an amethyst light, visible beyond. On the broad plain she could see moving specks that were cattle. It was autumn, and already the loftier mountains were white with early snow, while the plains still swam in summer heat.

Ruth drew a long, delicious breath. All was well. Marriage was successful. Harry was kind, considerate, good. Her heart sought him out there on the plains, following the cattlemen at their work, his strong young body swaying gracefully with the

stride of his horse and his big dog loping at his side.

Kilfane had behaved very well, to be sure. The cattlemen had at first looked at him askance, for he might have played havoc with the stock if he had been so minded. But Kilfane had proudly ignored the cattle, preferring the company of men and horses, and anxiety had given place to admiration. Everybody seemed to take to Kilfane but herself. Why did she so fear and dislike the dog? Harry had considerately kept him out of her way, but she knew this could not last. They were destined to be of one household, and she dreaded the thought of it. It was the one rift in the lute of her happiness, but here in the calm of the plains she fought it out with herself. She should never love Kilfane; of that she was certain. But Harry should not know. She would stifle the feeling that hovered about her heart when the great dog drew near her. She would be no coward.

The very next day her resolution was put to the test. Harry had returned from another ride, hot and dusty. Half ready for his bath, he remembered that he had left his coat in the stable, with money in the pockets. Ruth gaily ran to fetch it, and found Kilfane stretched out beside it. As she approached he raised his eyebrows and moved a little. She knew that the dog would guard Winton's

property with his life. Harry had often bragged about that. Would he look upon her as a friend or an enemy if she attempted to take the coat?

Her first impulse, as she gazed at the huge bulk of the dog lying there, his great jaws pillowed on his fore paws, was to turn and flee, but she remembered her resolve.

"Come, Kilfane," said she in a voice that she bravely strove to make steady, "let me have master's coat."

She stepped forward and stooped with outstretched hand. A low, menacing growl sounded from somewhere in the dog's interior, and she started back in fright.

"Oh, I can't, I can't," she moaned, and, turning, she retraced her steps.

Harry laughed at her troubled eyes and kissed her.

"Never mind," said he. "I 'll get the coat when I 'm dressed. It 's as safe now as if it were locked up. But I 'm sure Kilfane would n't have touched you. He would have protested and followed you, but I know he would n't hurt you, though I would n't vouch for him if any of the men tried it. You must get better acquainted with him, dear. I 'm sure you will gain confidence as soon as you understand him, and he will find his way to your heart. It 's inevitable."

But the inevitable was slow in coming to pass. As the days went by and Ruth joined Harry and Kilfane in their canters across the plains, she became more and more keenly aware of the mutual distrust between herself and the wolfhound. An intelligent dog is most sensitive to such feelings, and Kilfane was too proud to court her favor. The jealousy was mutual, too. That anything like friendship should grow up between them Ruth felt was impossible.

Rested by the peaceful calm of her surroundings, and naturally strong and active, Ruth agreed during the third week of the honeymoon to Harry's proposal that they venture on a camping expedition to the hills.

"We may never come here again," he said. "It would be a shame not to get a little wider idea of the country. Those hills have been calling to me all the time. The horses can carry all the provisions we 'll need for three or four days, and we may shoot something. We won't go far—fifteen or twenty miles perhaps. What do you say?"

"Fine!" cried Ruth, her eyes sparkling at the thought of rambling alone in the purple hills with her lover.

The cattlemen warned them against getting too far from the ranch.

"Seems like summer here now," said grizzled old

Ben Martin, who had contrived to take them under his special protection, "but the season 's late, and the nights are apt to be cold in them hills. And look out for storms. They come up sudden like, and fierce, too, this time o' year. 'Bout time the drouth broke. Better hurry back if the weather thickens."

"All right, Ben," said Harry. "We 'll take care of ourselves."

Two days of riding and exploring in the bracing air of the hills, and two cold nights spent in a puptent, with a fire blazing in front of it, the horses hobbled near by, and Kilfane keeping guard in the shadows. There is a vein of atavism in all of us, something that instinctively seeks the primeval and the savage on occasion, and to these two strong, healthy young people, with their four-footed companions, it was like a step into some golden age of the past.

Aimlessly they wandered through the brush and scrub timber, following the half-dried watercourses, flushing strange game, seeking ever the lure of the unknown. The sense of being apart from humankind increased their intimacy. Only the near and constant presence of the big dog spoiled for Ruth the realization of utter happiness. Always he was there, alert and watchful, like the uncanny shape of a nightmare, thrusting himself between her and the

man she loved, a fearsome interloper in her paradise.

Twenty-five miles from the Y-Bar ranch-house they were when the storm struck them. Ruth first observed the black clouds in the northwest. It was only a little after noon, but Harry agreed to seek early for a protected camping-site.

They turned their horses down an arroyo that led toward the east. The horses were nervous, shying and stumbling unaccountably, and even Kilfane appeared uneasy. Continually he kept returning to his master to gaze up into his face with eyes big with perplexed inquiry.

"Looks as if it was coming fast," said Winton, as the way darkened before them.

Glancing over her shoulder Ruth beheld an inky sky that seemed to be pressing down upon the plateau like the threatening hand of some gigantic and relentless fate. All about them the landscape was weirdly changed, taking on an aspect of dark desolation. The heavens frowned. The tortured vegetation bent itself before the angry blasts, and dust arose in great, crazy, whirling clouds.

Twenty minutes more and they were struggling in a deluge of rain and hail. Drenched to the skin and chilled to the bone, they floundered along an unknown way. All the world was blotted from their vision a hundred yards before them. The wind, suddenly rising, beat and buffeted them.

Winton, as soon as he could catch his breath, forced his horse to his wife's side.

"Are you frightened?" he asked.

"No," she replied, smiling bravely back at him through driven rain. "Not with you here."

"This arroyo is bound to lead us to the plains," he shouted. "We 'll get through all right. This can't last long. It 's a good thing, though, that we don't have to face it."

For fifteen minutes they rode on, with heads bent and in silence, giving all their attention to keeping the frightened horses in the trail. For the sinewy Kilfane, traveling close to the ground, the going was easier. He trotted easily along beside his master, apparently oblivious of the drenching blasts, but acutely sensitive to the darksome spirit of the storm.

Suddenly Ruth gave a short scream. Harry's horse stepped on a sloping stone, made slippery by the freezing rain, and fell to his knees. In the effort to recover his footing he reared and threw Winton heavily to the ground. In an instant the riderless horse had disappeared in the murk.

Ruth, expert horsewoman that she was, succeeded with the utmost difficulty in reining in her panic-stricken mount. She dared not dismount and go back to her fallen husband, for fear that they might both be left horseless. Turning her horse's head into a thick growth of chaparral, she turned and

looked back. Harry lay flat on his face, motionless, with the great hound standing over him in evident perplexity. She called back into the teeth of the gale, but Winton showed no sign of life.

Pale and desperate, she forced her mount farther into the thicket and slipped from his back. He reared and lunged, but with a strength born of fear she snatched the rope from her saddle-horn and deftly hobbled him. Then she ran back to her prostrate husband.

Ignoring Kilfane, she thrust her hand beneath Harry's sweater and breathed a little prayer of thankfulness as she felt the flutter of his heart.

"Harry!" she cried in his ear, and he moved slightly.

Grasping his shoulder, she sought to turn him over on his back, but at the sound of a muffled growl in her ear she stood quickly erect. Kilfane thrust himself between her and the prone man and stood with head drooping and eyes upcast in suspicion.

Only great love and desperation gave Ruth Winton the courage to do what she did then. Stooping, she laid her hand on Kilfane's shaggy head and spoke to him.

"Kilfane," she cried, "you must not hate me now. I only want to help him. Good dog. We both love

him, and you must n't hinder me. See, I touch him very gently."

Kilfane watched doubtfully as she placed her other hand on Winton's head and brushed back his wet hair.

Still fearing the great dog, but resolved to do what she could at any cost, she again grasped Harry's shoulder and rolled him over. Kilfane stood very close, watchful of her every movement, but he did not menace her.

"See," she said, gathering courage, "I have n't hurt him. Oh, Harry, Harry!"

She began chafing his hands and calling to him. Kilfane, at last realizing that his master was not sleeping, began licking his cheek and uttering little half-human whimpers.

At last Winton opened his eyes, and Kilfane sat back on his haunches and gave one short bark. But Harry's eyes were glazed and uncomprehending. Ruth sought to lift his head to her knee, and he groaned feebly.

"Where—" he began, and then ground his teeth.

"Where are you hurt, Harry?" she asked in an agony of apprehension.

"Shoulder," said he. "Oh-h!" And he closed his eyes again in a half-swoon.

The gale had slackened somewhat by now, but

the rain was still falling, mingled with big, wet flakes of snow, and there was a menacing chill in the air.

"Harry!" cried Ruth. "Harry! You must n't lie here. Oh, what shall I do?" Suddenly she felt all alone in a demon-ravaged world, helpless and distraught. Frantically she strove to lift him, and again he groaned.

It was too much for Kilfane. The woman was hurting his master. Snarling and showing his teeth, he approached, and Ruth, the old fear of him again mastering her, rose to her feet.

Then Kilfane, ignoring her presence, set about saving his fallen master in his own way. He licked his face, whining the while. He took his sleeve between his teeth and gently shook the limp arm. He pattered about Winton, tugging at him here and there. Then, taking firm hold of his sweater at the shoulder, he began to drag him along down the trail. Again Harry opened his eyes and groaned.

"Kilfane! Don't!" cried Ruth. "He 's hurt. Don't you see? You 'll kill him."

The sagacious animal loosed his hold and gazed up at her with a look of pleading inquiry.

"You 're a faithful dog," said she, again approaching him and laying her hand on his head. "But that 's not the way. You must trust to me. We must help each other."

Swallowing her fear of the dog once more, she wrapped her arms about the helpless man and lifted with all her strength. Kilfane came again and shook his master's arm, letting his teeth close with gentle pressure on the wrist. And at last Winton, shaken out of his coma, opened his eyes and gazed about him.

"Thrown, was I?" he asked in a weak voice.

"Yes, Harry."

"Broke my shoulder, I guess. Ouch, it hurts! How 'll we get out of this, Ruthy? I don't believe I can stand. Just get me a drop of that stuff in my saddle-bag, won't you? It may brace me up."

"I can't," said Ruth. "Your horse has bolted, and I have nothing. Just try, Harry, and see if you can't get up."

Panting and struggling together, he bearing his full weight on her shoulders, they at last succeeded in getting him to his feet. He stood leaning against her, swaying uncertainly.

"I wonder if I could get you on my horse," said she.

"Don't try it. The pain of the jolting would kill me. Perhaps I can walk after a little. I seem to be getting stronger."

She led him to a sandy hummock, where he sat down to gather his strength while she went for her now somewhat quieted horse.

"You climb aboard," said he, "and ride for help. I 'll stay here and wait."

"No," said Ruth. "You 'd freeze to death. Your resistance is too low. I must stay with you."

"Then let me try to hobble," said he.

She helped him again to his feet and remounted. Grasping her stirrup-leather with his uninjured left hand, he straightened himself. Youth and a strong constitution were asserting themselves.

"All right," said he. "Now go easy."

Kilfane ranged himself beside his master, and Harry found some relief in letting his broken arm rest on the big dog's back. A hundred yards they went, and then Winton sank in a heap. In an instant Kilfane was upon him, whimpering, licking, shaking him, and again Harry revived and, using the dog as a prop, raised himself.

"All right," said he between set teeth. "Fire ahead."

Staggering, stumbling, but growing stronger rather than weaker, Harry Winton dragged himself along between Kilfane and the horse. Another hundred yards, two hundred, a quarter of a mile. But the Y-Bar ranch-house was twelve miles away by the shortest reckoning, and the trail was obscure and indirect. Ruth's heart more than once misgave her, but Harry gritted his teeth and forged ahead.

"It 's all right, Ruthy," said he. "I can keep this

up all night if I have to. And it looks as if I might have to. What 's that?"

They had left the scrub timber and were now taking their no less difficult way over the rolling ground that joined the plains with the plateau. The horse suddenly shied, snatching the strap from Winton's hand, and the man dropped to his knees. Kilfane crouched, snarling, and the hair rose on his neck and back. On the top of a little rise directly before them appeared the gaunt shape of a mountain coyote. His head was swollen unnaturally, and his face was covered with yellow froth.

"My God!" cried Winton. "He 's rabid. Keep your horse away from him, Ruth. Can you shoot him? I 'm useless myself."

Ruth strove in vain to unsling her sodden rifle. Her horse, terrified by the sudden appearance of the mad brute, needed all of her attention and every ounce of her strength to prevent his stampeding, and the coyote was not waiting on ceremony. Straight toward the kneeling man he came, all his natural cowardice lost in his madness.

"Kilfane!" cried Ruth.

But the stanch dog needed no word of command. In half a dozen great leaps he was up the hill and at the running coyote's side. For an instant the rabid beast swerved and snapped at the dog, but Kilfane deftly eluded him.

"Look out, Kilfane!" warned Ruth. The fear flashed across her mind of a rabid wolfhound at the ranch. But Kilfane had no mind to be bitten. A single leap carried him well out of harm's way, and then, with the coyote within ten yards of the imperiled Winton, Kilfane attacked.

Dogs have different ways of fighting, according to race and inherited instinct. A terrier would have sought the coyote's belly in order to lay bare his vitals, and would have been killed in the attempt. A bulldog would have sought to fight at close quarters, trusting to the grinding power of his hold to win, and would have been bitten in the struggle and thus exposed to the rabies. A collie would have slashed at the juglar, and then have sought to bite through to the spinal cord at the base of the skull in the clinch, and might have won through with rare good luck. The wolfhound did none of these things. It was the way of his breed to drag down its quarry from the shoulder on the run. Avoiding the coyote's jaws, he leaped alongside. The maddened beast, driven from his course, whirled and snapped again at Kilfane, and again the agile dog leaped out of danger. Then, with a wild rush, the coyote came full on at Winton.

With two great bounds Kilfane was at his shoulder again. There was a snap of mighty jaws and a twist of a powerful neck, so swift that the

spectators could not follow it, and the impact of a crashing blow. The great, gaunt beast gave utterance to one unearthly howl that ended in a rattling snarl, and fell dead at Winton's feet, his neck broken.

"Come away, now, Kilfane," cried Winton. "Leave him alone." And the reluctant Kilfane, sniffing once at his slain antagonist, obeyed.

Winton's riderless horse, galloping wild-eyed and foam-flecked up to the corral bars at the Y-Bar Ranch, told a plain story of the little party's disaster. Such of the cattlemen as were within reach were hastily organized by Ben Martin and in a few minutes were in the saddle and deploying across the plains.

It was young Joe Hannock who came upon them, weak and bedraggled, still nine miles from home. Kilfane, hearing the sound of hoof-beats, had raised his voice in a mighty call, and Joe found them in the gathering dusk in a little mesquite-fringed hollow. The rain had ceased, and the clouds lying low over the plateau were edged with silver.

Winton, come to the end of his strength, had fainted again and lay with his head pillowed in Ruth's lap. Her horse, with his bridle dragging, was contentedly cropping the wiry grass of the hollow, on the rim of which the great wolfhound was standing guard.

As soon as Joe had learned the facts of the situation and had cantered off in search of assistance, Ruth, her nerves shattered by the ordeal through which she had passed, bowed her head over her unconscious husband and wept tumultuously. As she sat there, shaken with sobs, she became aware of a presence by her side. Kilfane had come down and taken his place beside her. Quietly and with dignity he pressed gently against her, and strangely she found the pressure welcome.

"Good dog, Kilfane," said she brokenly.

They had to improvise a litter for Winton, after his shoulder had been roughly bandaged, and all the way back he muttered deliriously, calling upon Ruth and Kilfane.

The next morning Ruth sat alone on the porch of their bungalow. Harry lay sleeping after a restless night. The fever had left him and recovery seemed assured. A great gratitude welled up in the bride's heart as she gazed out over the olive-hued plains, shimmering in the warm sunshine. Beyond, the perilous hills lay peaceful and seductive.

At the sound of padded footsteps within she turned her head. Kilfane, who had been lying outside his master's door, pushed open the screen and stepped in his stately manner out upon the porch. For a minute he stood there, posed statuesquely, his eyes fixed as though reminiscently upon the western

hills, his nostrils working in the gentle breeze. Then he turned his head and regarded Ruth.

In his black-rimmed eyes of dark hazel, eyes that for the first time appeared to her wonderfully human in their intelligent gaze, she seemed to read his thoughts. Doubt was there, wonder, speculation, inquiry, and a sort of yearning invitation. On a sudden he became transformed before her from a brute to a personality. Comprehension of the fearless, devoted heart of the shaggy Kilfane crept into her mind, together with a new hope and desire.

"Kilfane," she said in the low voice of one who would confess a fault. "Kilfane, I did n't know, I did n't understand you. Can you forgive me? Can we be friends?"

She held out her hand toward him, and the generous-hearted dog came toward her, without hesitation and without eagerness, like a gracious monarch. At her side he stopped, as though waiting for her further invitation. She laid her hand on his honest, hard head, brushing the hair back from those wonderful eyes of his and gazing into them.

"Oh, Kilfane!"

He drew a step closer, and the woman who had feared and hated him dropped to her knees on the floor beside him, threw her arms about his rugged, arched neck, and buried her streaming eyes in his

coat. Kilfane, scorning the fawning demonstrations of lesser dogs, pressed gently against her, whimpering softly, and laid his muzzle on her shoulder.

In the sick-room Harry Winton stirred in his sleep, and the shadow of a smile flitted across his face. His lips moved.

"Ruthy," he breathed softly. "Kilfane."

THE MISSION OF McGREGOR

THE MISSION OF McGREGOR

BENEATH the waving tentacles of a somewhat wilfully inclined Virginia creeper, Mrs. Macnamara, her plump, bare arms akimbo, stood on the front porch of her little cottage on the outskirts of Birchfield and gazed down the dusty street. A rusty hack appeared presently from around a corner several blocks away, and Mrs. Macnamara screwed up her blue eyes in an effort to distinguish its occupants.

"Pat 's comin'," she observed.

A little freckle-nosed girl of eleven or twelve, dressed in a clean blue gingham dress, her braid adorned with a large red bow, came out of the house, letting the screen door bang behind her, and stood by Mrs. Macnamara's side.

"Is the little boy with him?" she asked.

"I think so," replied the woman.

Henrietta gave one or two excited little hops and hurried inside.

"Thomas," she called, "that little boy has came!"

Another screen door banged at the rear of the house, and Henrietta rejoined Mrs. Macnamara, accompanied by a lanky, barefooted lad of fourteen.

Neither Thomas nor Henrietta bore the slightest resemblance to Mrs. Macnamara, the countenance of the former bearing unquestionable evidences of Semitic origin. They did not, in fact, belong to Mrs. Macnamara, but to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Mrs. Macnamara was not wholly unselfish in her mothering of state wards. The $2.25 a week which she received from the State Board of Charities for the food, clothing, and care of each child constituted an important part of her income, and she found the children a useful adjunct to her establishment. They formed the delivery service of her clothes-washing business.

The State Board, on its part, considered her to be a satisfactory addition to its placing-out system. The inspectors had reported her easy-going and of somewhat uneven temper, but kind-hearted and honest in fulfilling her obligations. Her foster-children were neither spoiled nor cruelly treated; they seemed to thrive under her care and to be reasonably happy. Already two had gone from her, one to receive wages on a Worcester County farm and the other to become the adopted daughter of a manufacturer and his wife in Lynn. Now she felt that she had room and need for another, and the Board was accordingly sending little Howard Shultz, aged nine.

Howard had been at the orphanage for seven

months, they said. His mother had died in poverty in Boston; of his father they knew little or nothing. He was a quiet child whose greatest need was plenty of wholesome food and a little mothering.

The hack drew up at the curb, and the driver, saluting with his whip as he replaced it in its socket, alighted with the small bundle of Howard's worldly possessions, and disclosed, perched on the front seat, a small boy—a very small boy.

"Jump down, young man!" roared Pat. "This is the place."

The child slid down from the seat and rather awkwardly clambered to the ground. He was a tow-headed lad, with a pale, wistful face, big, blue, questioning eyes, and legs so much slenderer than Henrietta's as to cause that young lady to gasp for fear they might snap under his slight weight. Thomas eyed him scornfully from the height of his years and experience.

"Wholesome food!" ejaculated Mrs. Macnamara. "I should say so!"

She stepped down to the gate, took the bundle from Pat, and beckoned to the boy.

"Come here, Howard," she commanded. "No one 's goin' to eat you; you 're too poor."

Howard approached shyly, and Mrs. Macnamara, kissing him unemotionally, took his hand and led him into the house.

Such are the commonplace details of the great adventure that brought this future citizen of Massachusetts under the protection and discipline of "Mrs. James Macnamara, family washing and ironing."

It was evident from the first that Howard's economic value in the household would not be great until he had been "considerably fed up," and Mrs. Macnamara set herself conscientiously to earn her $2.25 a week. His services were not greatly needed, in fact, so long as Thomas and Henrietta remained, though it was well to have him in training. The treatment administered brought a shade more sturdiness to his gait and roundness to his cheek, but it failed to render him buoyant or mischievous. Mrs. Macnamara was perplexed; he was so good that he at times irritated her.

In September he was sent to school, and his teacher reported him as docile if not brilliant. Thomas bullied him and fought for him as occasion demanded, and felt, on the whole, little pride in him, but Henrietta mothered him and patronized him to her heart's content.

The truth is that Howard did not know how to play—had never learned. Or at least his play was of a solitary, introspective sort understood only by himself and for the most part unobserved by others. His principal game, if game it may be called, was

navigation. When he allowed his half-starved imagination full play he became a sailor.

Howard had only the most meager conception of a seafaring life, but just enough of the romance of it entered his soul to fascinate him. He had read a few sailor stories, or had had them read to him, and had studied in his own silent way various pictures of ships and sailors and the sea; and once in Boston he had seen masts and spars and mysterious running-gear at the wharves.

Occasionally, after school, when Mother Macnamara was busy, as she generally was, he would steal off around the corner to a lumber-yard where no one ever seemed to come, and there indulge his hobby.

The passer-by would have observed only a serious-faced little chap, climbing with a grave caution over the piles of boards and shingles, or sitting alone on top of the lumber-pile, apparently wrapped in thought. In reality it was Captain Merriweather, performing marvelous feats of daring in the swaying rigging of his ship or keeping a keen lookout for pirates on the weather bow.

One day in October, as a raw northeaster swept across the bridge and howled through the cordage, Captain Merriweather suddenly espied a low, rakish-looking craft bearing down upon him from wind-

ward. Great excitement prevailed on the decks of the good ship *Rover* of Provincetown. The captain seized his binoculars and brought them to bear on the strange sloop.

"Ship ahoy!" called the *Rover's* captain in a voice a trifle thin and piping for that of an old salt.

The sloop did n't give her name, but she hove to.

Lest this narrative become too cryptic for the average intelligence, it should perhaps be explained that the unknown craft was a very sturdy-looking little dog. He was grizzled iron-gray in color; a coarse, wiry coat covered his compact body. His head was absurdly long and heavy and his fore legs disproportionately short. His nose was jet-black, his ears erect; and his deep-set, bright little eyes twinkled beneath shaggy brows. It was the face of an old man, a seasoned old sailorman, Howard thought. His tail stood sharply erect like the mast of a catboat stepped at the wrong end.

"Ship ahoy!" cried Captain Merriweather again.

The dog waddled forward a few paces, and with a scarcely perceptible movement of his hind quarters assumed a sitting posture, fixing his gaze on the boy with an expression at once so humorous and so solemn that Howard, forgetting his rôle for a moment, burst out into a shrill laugh. The dog remained fixed in an attitude of stolid contemplation.

"All hands to board the lugger!" the captain

called out, and carefully disembarked from the lumber-pile.

Howard Shultz had never known a dog personally. It is quite possible that he had never spoken to one before in his life. The natural love of boy for dog sprang to life within him full-fledged.

He approached warily, his hand outstretched, snapping his fingers seductively. The dog awaited him, unmoved. Seamanship and the briny deep were forgotten, and Howard Shultz became a small boy coaxing a dog. With half-intelligible words of persuasion he stole nearer until he was within arm's-length of the apparently hypnotized animal. He squatted down before him and gazed straight into the shrewd little eyes.

"Well, well, little dog!" he said in a gleeful tone. "Well, well!"

If the dog had turned tail and departed at that moment, as he might have been expected to do, the joy would have fled from Howard's face like sunshine from a lawn when the clouds pass over, and he would have slunk off home with the sad look in his eyes more unfathomable than ever. But the dog did no such thing; he extended his nose the merest trifle and wriggled his black nostrils. The wriggling communicated itself to Howard's spine in a tremor of delicious excitement, and once more

he laughed aloud. The dog, however, never budged.

Howard crept closer and laid a hesitating hand on the hard, shaggy head, patting it gently. The dog returned the pressure with a little upward movement, lifting one fore foot from the ground; but he made no sound. He was evidently not a talkative sort. Howard let his hand drop about the dog's neck and gave it a tentative little hug, which the dog accepted with profound seriousness. The boy was enraptured.

He caught sight of a bright green collar about the dog's neck, with a silver name-plate on it.

"Let's see what your name is," demanded Howard, and with difficulty spelled out the words: "Solway McGregor. C. P. Boynton." He could not pronounce the words very well; it seemed a strange long name for so small a dog, and it perplexed him. He knew a boy at school named McBride who was always called Mac; that seemed a good solution.

"I shall call you Mac," announced Howard.

The shadows in the lumber-yard were lengthening, and Howard concluded it was time to be getting home. He arose and stood gazing hungrily at Mac, a great fear and a great hope in his heart.

"Come," said he, starting off with his wistful face turned back over his shoulder.

Mac rose unquestioningly and came trotting soberly at his heels.

Howard's cup of joy overflowed. To have a dog actually follow you as if he wanted to come!

If Howard had considered the consequences of thus introducing to the Macnamara household one who could neither draw water nor hew wood nor yet tote a clothes-basket, he might have paused. As it was he marched blithely and unsuspectingly into the house accompanied by the philosophical Mac.

It was not that Mrs. Macnamara harbored any antipathy to dogs. She possessed, in fact, a normal Irish warm-heartedness toward all animals, particularly those in distress. It was rather that she was flurried and constitutionally opposed to changes in her household arrangements that were not of her own devising.

"Here, you!" she called. "Chase that dog right out of here. What do you think this is? A stable?"

During his brief residence in Birchfield Howard had learned that Mrs. Macnamara's bark was vastly more terrifying than her bite. Moreover, a fixed purpose had been born within him. He did not plead or weep or expostulate. Neither did he flinch. He stood quite silent and motionless with his big eyes fixed upon her face. He had not the slightest intention of obeying. Beside him sat Mac, equally

impassive. Mrs. Macnamara regarded them with something like amazement.

"For the love o' Mike!" she exploded, placing her hands on her hips. "Of all the muts!"

Mac did not resent the insult. Instead, he dropped his lower jaw, let out a prodigious length of pink tongue, and broadly smiled. Mrs. Macnamara's eyes narrowed a trifle, and the angry look faded from them. Her curiosity was aroused.

"By the legs of 'im," she speculated, "he might be one o' them dash-hounds, but he 's far from that, other ways. He must be a thousand years old by the look of him. What 's he up to now?"

Thomas and Henrietta had entered quietly and stood behind Mrs. Macnamara, awaiting developments. The sound of dripping water caught Mac's ear, and he turned his head toward the sink. He waddled solemnly across the floor and sniffed noisily at the plumbing. Presently he raised himself on his hind legs and placed his fore paws on the front of the sink. Then he dropped again to the floor, faced about, sat up, and grinned at Mrs. Macnamara in his mirthless fashion.

"He 's thirsty," she said, forgetting her grievance. She stepped over to the sink, filled a wash-basin with water, and placed it on the floor. The children watched Mac in silent absorption as he greedily and by no means noiselessly lapped.

"Maybe he 's hungry, too," said Mrs. Macnamara.

The upshot of it all was a compromise. Mac must sleep outside on the porch, but he would be tolerated so long as he behaved thus soberly. If he did any damage or got into any mischief or caused any annoyance whatsoever, he must go, and it was Mrs. Macnamara's broom that would extend the invitation.

Mac did not misbehave. Faultless decorum, indeed, was the key-note of his life. He did unbend occasionally, it is true, to the extent of scampering around the lumber-piles in the wake of his idolized young master, but he never romped in the common meaning of the term. He seldom barked. He never chewed any forbidden object. His habits were settled, his wisdom inscrutable. The broom was never called into service save on the back of Thomas Lasky, when that jealous young miscreant was caught trying to force laundry-soap between Mac's protesting jaws.

To Howard's starved heart this close and voiceless comradeship meant joy unspeakable. It was the great friendship that crowned his life. In the warm glow of it his soul opened and expanded. He dreamed of Mac at night. Mac was the center of his first thoughts on awaking. Mac entered into all the plans and activities of his day. Mac was the trusted confidant of his youthful aspirations, the

companion of his nautical adventures. Into Mac's ever-sympathetic ears he poured all his boyish woes and fears. With Mac he set his face toward a rosy to-morrow. And then came the bitter ending of it all.

Suddenly, from out of the vast mystery of down-town, appeared Mr. C. P. Boynton. That was the name on Mac's collar; it was the name on the card the man handed to Mrs. Macnamara. To the honest, straightforward intelligence of the washerwoman the evidence was conclusive.

Mac had seen him first. As the boy and the dog emerged from among the shipping of the lumber-yard, the man, dressed in a long gray overcoat and carrying a walking-stick, was passing by on the opposite side of the street. With a series of little yelps the dog dashed across the road and leaped wildly upon him.

Mr. Boynton dropped his stick and stooped to grasp the dog by the ears.

"Well, bless my soul, Greg!" he cried. "Now, where in blazes have you been? You disreputable ragamuffin!"

These insulting words appeared to send the dog into a frenzy of delight. He rushed madly around the man, whining in an unavailing effort at expression. Mr. Boynton caught him, rubbed his head

violently, and then rolled him over on his back and rubbed his stomach.

On the other side of the way stood the slim, pathetic figure of a little boy. His face was wan, his eyes big with apprehension; there was a drawn, pinched look about his mouth. In hungry silence he watched the riotous little comedy.

Mac escaped from the hands of his beloved tormentor and rose panting to his feet. The lonely figure across the street caught his eye. He took a step or two forward, glanced at the man; and then in an access of contrition he sped back to Howard, whining and licking the boy's hands.

"Greg!" called Mr. Boynton, and the dog, obeying the well-known command, flew back to his master.

"Mac!" pleaded Howard in a half-audible little cry.

McGregor's levity fell from him, and he walked decorously to the middle of the road. There he hesitated and stood looking first at one and then at the other, as if to say, "My friends, let me make you acquainted."

Mr. Boynton looked at Howard for a moment and then crossed the street. The dog stood looking up into their faces, his tongue out, his upright tail wagging expectantly.

"Where did you get the dog?" asked Mr. Boynton.

Howard had to swallow twice before he could reply.

"He came to me," he said, waving his hand toward the lumber-piles, "here."

"When?" asked Mr. Boynton.

"A little while ago," said Howard. "Four or five weeks, I guess."

"Has he been with you ever since?"

The boy nodded.

Mr. Boynton looked down at the white little face with its quivering lips and big, hungry-looking eyes and stroked his mustache thoughtfully.

"Where do you live?" he asked at length.

"At Mrs. Macnamara's," Howard replied.

"Is your name Macnamara?" Mr. Boynton inquired.

"No," Howard replied simply; "I 'm an orphan."

The man stroked his mustache more vigorously.

"Come," said he, "let 's go and see Mrs. Macnamara."

They started off together in silence, with McGregor close behind, his nose just clearing the ground.

Mrs. Macnamara was tremendously impressed by Mr. Boynton's new tan gloves and his finished manners. She ushered him volubly into her little parlor

and threw up the window-shades. McGregor, who had entirely recovered his dignity, followed them; Howard Shultz remained in the doorway, resting his head against the jamb.

"I understand," began Mr. Boynton, "that my dog here picked an acquaintance with the boy and followed him home."

"That 's so, sir," replied Mrs. Macnamara. "We did nothing to coax him. He would come and he would stay."

"The rascal," said her caller. "I never knew him to do such a thing before. He 's usually quite indifferent to strangers. He must have discovered a kindred spirit."

"We would never have kept him, sir, if we 'd known how to find his owners," she hastened to assert.

"Oh, it 's all right, Mrs. Macnamara. So long as you don't object to my taking him back, there 's no harm done. In fact, I think I owe you something for his board."

"No, no," she protested. "Not at all, sir. He 's eaten very little and been no trouble at all. He 's been good company for the boy."

"No doubt the boy has been good company for him, too. We have no boy at home. Every dog should have a boy to play with, and every boy a dog."

He glanced around at Howard standing in forlorn silence in the doorway.

"Come here, son," said he.

Howard entered and stood before him. The man smiled at him kindly.

"I 'm sorry to have to take him away," said he, "But we 've been very lonely without him, my wife and I. You see, he 's the only other member of our family. Besides, he 's a very valuable little dog with a noble pedigree. He could be smothered in all the blue ribbons he 's won. Do you understand about blue ribbons?"

Howard shook his head.

"They are prizes for being a fine dog," explained Mr. Boynton, "and McGregor is probably the most perfect Scottish terrier alive. We exhibit him at dog-shows, and every time he wins a prize in his class he gets a ribbon—a blue ribbon for first prize, a red one for second, and a yellow one for third. McGregor mostly wins blue ones. When a dog scores enough points that way he becomes a champion. McGregor is a champion twice over."

Howard looked down with awe at his erstwhile playfellow. McGregor's eyes twinkled back humorously beneath their bushy brows.

"Of course we don't have to show him any more now," continued Mr. Boynton, "but McGregor is never satisfied. He has an ambition now to be

chosen the best dog of all breeds in some big show, so we 're planning to give him one more chance in Boston at Thanksgiving. He has turned up just in time for us to get him in proper condition. You see now why I must take him back, don't you?"

Howard nodded slightly.

"Answer the gentleman," commanded Mrs. Macnamara.

"Yes, sir," said Howard weakly.

Mr. Boynton rose and drew on his gloves. McGregor rose also and stood with lifted head, his eyes fixed expectantly on his master's face. Then he turned toward Howard and gave him a parting kiss on the hand.

Mr. Boynton looked at the boy. Great tears had formed in the big wistful eyes and now rolled down his cheeks. The man put his arm about the boy's slim shoulders and drew him impulsively toward him.

"It 's too bad," said Mr. Boynton, with a strange little break in his voice. "I know just how you feel. I 'll send you another dog. That 's what I 'll do; I 'll send you another dog. You 're a good boy, and I like you."

There was forgiveness in the quick little glance Howard gave him, but the boy could not speak until man and dog were out on the sidewalk. The gate clicked, and Mr. Boynton turned and raised his hat

with a smile. Mrs. Macnamara beamed broadly and nodded farewell from the doorway. Then Howard ran down the steps and out to the gate.

"Oh, Mr. Boynton," he called, "please don't send me another dog. I—I would n't want to have another one."

The man paused and turned to look at him. He understood.

"All right, son, I won't," said he and hurried away.

Howard's bereavement struck in. He did not weep; he did not complain. He went about the house in uncommunicative silence, which was irritating to Mrs. Macnamara and stimulated Thomas to renewed efforts at hectoring. Howard frequently sought the solitude of the lumber-yard—no longer to play at sailoring, but to dwell sadly upon the memory of a little dog with a wise face and an upright tail—until the cold winds of winter drove him indoors.

Then, in December, came the Beautiful Lady. A maroon limousine drew up at the curb one day, and a chauffeur in maroon-colored livery opened the door. The Beautiful Lady stepped out and entered the Macnamara gateway, dressed in a gray suit, with gray furs, and a big gray plume on her hat. Henrietta spied her from the window and ran gasping to tell the others.

The Beautiful Lady and Mrs. Macnamara sat

talking for a long time in the parlor, while the three children waited outside in whispering wonderment. Then Howard heard his name called and shyly entered.

"Shut the door," commanded Mrs. Macnamara.

Howard obeyed.

"This is him," she announced to the visitor.

The Beautiful Lady held out her hand and smiled.

"Come here, Howard," said she. "I want to get acquainted with you."

He approached and looked for an instant into her radiant, dark eyes. Then, overcome with awe and shyness, his gaze dropped to her white-gloved hands and the little blue leather bag in her lap.

Very gently she placed her arm about him and drew him to her side, and then silence fell. Strangely enough, she seemed at a loss how to begin.

"Speak up, Howard, and tell the lady about your school," ordered Mrs. Macnamara.

The boy gave her one quick, upward glance and remained timidly silent.

"Howard!" prompted Mrs. Macnamara.

"It 's all right," said the lady. "I understand."

Howard felt very grateful toward her for that.

Then the Beautiful Lady began talking to him in a very soft, low voice, asking him what games he liked best, and whether he had ever ridden a bicycle, and what he remembered about his mother. And

gradually, under the influence of her soft, sympathetic presence, his tongue was loosed and he found himself recalling the little loved things of his dim past and telling her about the games of sailoring on the fire-escape in Boston and later in the lumber-yard in Birchfield, and finally of the funny little, solemn little dog that had come one day and stolen his way into the lonely, childish heart and then vanished again from his life.

Howard did not know there were tears on his cheeks as he finished, but the Beautiful Lady saw them, and there were little drops of dew on her own lashes as she kissed him and rose to go.

"Thank you for telling me so many interesting things," she said. "We 'll have another nice talk one of these days." And Howard smiled up at her with ready appreciation.

Thomas and Henrietta heard her say to Mrs. Macnamara at the door: "I will write to the Board at once. I hope to come again in a week or so." This caused much whispered speculation between them.

A week later Mrs. Macnamara received a letter in a dainty little white envelope, and she set about making Howard very clean and neat. Next day it snowed, but Howard was not allowed to play out in it, and so he was very dry and brushed and shiny when the Beautiful Lady's motor appeared again.

He was summoned after another consultation in

the parlor, and he was very glad to see the Beautiful Lady again.

"Would you like to come home with me and be my little boy?" she asked after she had greeted him.

Howard glanced quickly over at Mrs. Macnamara. She was grinning broadly.

"Sure he would," she asserted. "Tell her you would, Howard."

He looked up questioningly into the lady's smiling face and then slowly let his cheek rest against her shoulder and began to smooth her gloved hand. The Beautiful Lady placed her lips to the top of his head and then began telling him of some of the things she had in store for him. A great content warmed Howard's troubled heart, and he sighed happily.

The handsome chauffeur came up to the door and took Howard's bundle, and then Mrs. Macnamara did an extraordinary thing. She kissed Howard moistly on the cheek and, hiding her face in her apron, hurried into the house without saying good-by. And somewhere in the rear arose the wailing of Henrietta.

It was a wonderful house that Howard was taken to, with many large rooms with high ceilings and with gilt-framed mirrors over the mantels, and wood-fires burning in the fireplaces, and electric lights in the evening, and lots of soft, beautiful

chairs to sit in. One room was to be Howard's own. There were pictures of ships and dogs on the walls, and a little white bed, and a bookcase full of books all about sailoring and about boys who had marvelous adventures, with lots of pictures in them.

Several people lived in the house. There was a quiet person with yellow hair who wore a white cap and apron and was seen only at meal-times; there was a plump, smiling person named Selma who got Howard up in the morning and looked after his wants all day; and there were one or two others, all of whom came when the Beautiful Lady sent for them and did just what she told them to.

When Howard was ready for bed at night, with his soft blue pajamas on, Selma would go out, and the Beautiful Lady herself would come in and talk to him a little while in her soft, soothing voice, and hear him say his prayers, and then tuck him in and kiss him good night. And every night Howard would add a little prayer for the Beautiful Lady whom he called mother now, and one for Selma, and one for Mrs. Macnamara, and one for Henrietta, and one for Thomas Lasky, and one for Mr. C. P. Boynton and wee McGregor, wherever they might be, which made the Beautiful Lady hug him very tight before she would let him up.

One night she told him Christmas was coming and

asked him what kind of a Christmas he would like to have.

"What kind of a Christmas?" asked Howard.

"Yes," said the Beautiful Lady. "What kind did you use to have?"

Howard wrinkled his brow in an effort to remember.

"Last year, you know, there was n't any Christmas," said he, "and before that, why, we had the little tree and the plum-basket."

"Plum-basket?"

"Yes; a green basket with a cover. And you took turns putting in your hands, and maybe you got a piece of candy or a marble or a nut or a little stone. You could n't tell by feeling, because they were all hard and round and were done up in paper."

"And what kind of a tree did you have?"

"Oh, not a real tree; just a five-and-ten-cent-store tree. But it was very pretty."

"And then did you hang up your stockings?"

"Yes; then we hung up our stockings."

Howard was getting sleepy and unable to produce any further information beyond the fact that some one—he could n't remember who—gathered the children of several families together on Christmas eve and read " 'T was the Night before Christmas." Howard could still repeat parts of it.

So when Christmas eve came the Beautiful Lady

had things arranged as nearly as possible to coincide with Howard's idea of Christmas. She and Selma decorated a wonderful tree, right in the living-room, with candles and all sorts of ornaments and shiny things on it, besides mysteries in white tissue-paper tied with red ribbon, and they never let Howard know about it till after supper, when they opened the doors and the glory of it burst upon his eyes all at once.

During the evening several people dropped in to see the tree and to make Howard's acquaintance. There was one especially nice group of people consisting of a gentleman and a lady and a girl about Henrietta's age, who greeted the Beautiful Lady very affectionately. The little girl's name was Gladys, and she called Howard "Cousin."

They had some very amusing games, and then Selma brought in a plum-basket, which was carefully explained by Howard, and they all had great fun with it. Then the Beautiful Lady brought a new picture-book and read "'T was the Night before Christmas" in her sweet voice, while Howard sat very close to her and held her hand.

As the visitors were leaving the gentleman asked, "When do you expect Charlie?"

The Beautiful Lady placed her finger on her lips and said something that Howard could not hear.

"Who is Charlie?" asked Howard when they had gone. "Another boy?"

"That 's the way Mr. Elder speaks of the man you will know as father," explained the Beautiful Lady.

"Oh, have I a father, too?"

"Yes," she answered with a smile.

"Is he nice—as nice as you?"

"Oh, much nicer."

Whereat Howard laughed, for that was, of course, a joke.

"When shall I see him?" asked Howard.

"To-morrow," she replied. "We 've kept him for Christmas."

It was a pretty late hour for a nine-year-old, and Selma was waiting for him.

"We won't have to fix the stove-lids, will we?" he remarked.

"The stove-lids?' queried Selma.

"Yes," said Howard, "because there are real fireplaces here for Santa Claus."

They hung his stockings from the mantel over his own fireplace, with its funny blue picture-tiles, and when the Beautiful Lady came in for her good-night kiss he was almost asleep. But he did not forget to say his prayers, including one for little dog Mac, wherever he might be.

Some time afterward he dreamily fancied that he

heard his door open and a man's voice speaking quietly to the Beautiful Lady, and that some one with hairy lips tiptoed across the room and kissed him on the temple. But he may have dreamed it all.

Christmas morning he was already awake when Selma came in, and was seated in the middle of his bed with the contents of his stockings strewn all about him. He was almost dazed with the wealth of it all. There were balls and tops and marbles and games and books and a knife and a harmonica and candy and pop-corn and all sorts of things. And besides that there was a magic lantern on the hearth and a real bicycle leaning against the book-case. Santa Claus had certainly lightened his load at that house.

Then he sent Selma post-haste for the Beautiful Lady. She appeared, dressed all in lavender and white lace, and he showed her all his presents and patiently explained such things as she, of course, would not be likely to understand. But presently he stopped and gazed thoughtfully about him.

"Can a person give away a present from Santa Claus?" he asked.

"You can do whatever you wish with them, dear," she replied.

"Then I think I'll send this ball to Thomas and these dominoes to Henrietta and—this mouth-organ

to Mother Macnamara." He looked up for her approval, and she laughed and kissed him.

"Then I ought to find something for Gladys—and Charlie. Where is Charlie—father, I mean? Has he come?"

The Beautiful Lady nodded to Selma, who slipped noiselessly out, and presently a firm footstep was heard outside. Then there suddenly stood in the doorway an apparition that made Howard slip down hastily to the floor and stand with his hands pressed to his breast.

"Why—why, you 're Mr. C. P. Boynton!"

The man advanced with a smile and shook hands formally with Howard and inquired after his health. Then he picked him up and sat him on his knee.

"You see, you never asked your new mother's name," said he, "or you would have found that it was Mrs. Boynton."

Howard laughed; this was a most delightful dénouement. Then a thought struck him so suddenly that he sprang down and stood gripping Mr. Boynton's knees.

"Oh, Mr. Boynton—I mean father," he cried, "how is Mac—McGregor? Where is he? Is he any more champions?"

"I thought it was about time," said Mr. Boynton with a chuckle.

He gave a low whistle. There was a little yelp

and a prodigious scratching and scurrying of feet, and Champion Solway McGregor (A. K. C. No. 191,476) appeared like an animated and hairy thunderbolt. His short legs slipped from under him as he made the sharp turn at the doorway; then he recovered and made a great leap to reach his master's face with his tongue. Could this be the sedate McGregor?

After a moment's wild demonstration he turned toward the Beautiful Lady and stopped suddenly before the small, pajama-clad stranger. He sniffed tentatively at the small slippers and then looked shrewdly up into the boy's glowing face as if to say, "Oho, you can't fool me with these queer clothes." The next moment he was locked in Howard's ecstatic embrace.

"Greg seems glad to be home again after his travels," said Mr. Boynton, "and now he 's your dog and won't have to be shipped off in a crate ever again if you don't want him to."

"My dog?" gasped Howard.

"Of course; your Christmas present."

"Oh," cried Howard, "this is the best Christmas present of all—the best there *could* be."

Small boys do not weep for joy, but there was a quaver in his voice, nevertheless, and there were tears in the eyes of the Beautiful Lady.

"Except the one you have given us," said she.

But Howard did not hear. He was engaged in a mighty effort to roll McGregor over upon his back as he had once seen his new father do, quite long ago.

2/09/98

AUG 25 1958

Three Weeks Book
Saint Paul Public Library

THREE WEEKS BOOK

Copy 1

Dyer

142477

Many dogs there be

DO NOT LOSE OR LEND YOUR CARD
YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR BOOKS CHARGED ON IT

Extracts from General Statutes of Minnesota

Sec. 8940—Every person who shall maliciously cut, tear, deface, soil, obliterate, *** or destroy a book, map, chart, picture, engraving, *** or other work of literature, *** deposited in a public library, *** shall be punished by imprisonment in the state prison for not more than three years, or in a county jail for not more than one year, or by a fine of not more than five hundred dollars, or by both.

TIME LIMITS

One week books—7 days
Two weeks books—14 days
All others one month subject to recall
No renewals or transfers

FINES ON OVERDUE BOOKS

Adult—Two cents a day
Juvenile—One cent a day

ST. PAUL PUBLIC LIBRARY

SAINT PAUL PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 2091 01285 9204

879-BAC-111

HI
Saint
Paul
Public
Library